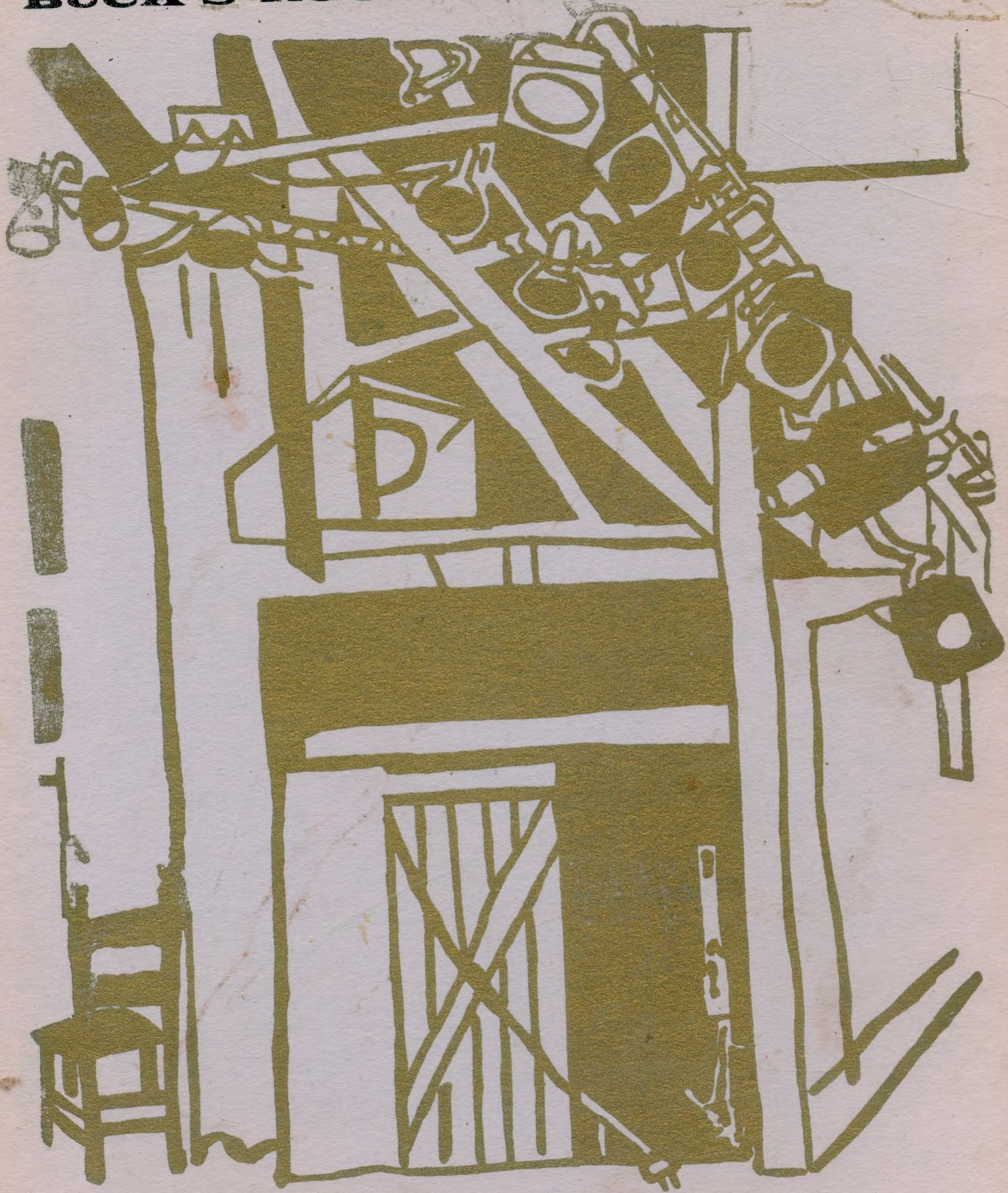


BUCK'S ROCK YEAR BOOK 1964



"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE..."

**PUBLISHED ANNUALLY
BY THE CAMPERS OF
BUCK'S ROCK WORK CAMP
NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT**

COVER DESIGN BY DENISE WEBER

1964

PLAYBILL

Buck's Rock Yearbook

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Prologue

In planning this yearbook we sought a theme that would reflect the differences between the summer of '64 and other summers. The differences, as we saw them, were intangible as well as tangible. A new group of people were creating a mood unique to this summer---intangible. A crew of carpenters, builders, and electricians were constructing a magnificent new stage---tangible.

As we talked about the stage we recalled how often Shakespeare had compared life to a stage and people to players. Here was our fusion of the tangible and intangible. Buck's Rock was the stage on which some of us were playing and some of us were learning to play our parts. And even if all of us would not become dancers, musicians, or sculptors, we would still become a more appreciative audience for our exposure to the arts.

As you read through this book you'll notice that our stance may change from page to page. At times we're soliloquizing, at others conversing, and at still others trying to set a scene or capture a mood. Our purpose has been to recreate the comic, tragic, farcical, melodramatic, historical moments that made the summer of '64 a special one. We hope that you, our reader, will find some basis for identification.

SALLY STEIN
SUE TABBAT

A Message From Ernst

Once again, we have to say good-bye to each other, to Buck's Rock, to the summer.

And once again, my farewell message gives me the opportunity to congratulate you on your achievements.

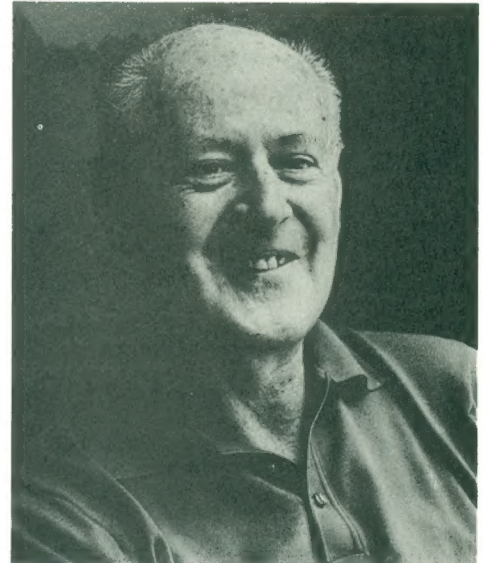
We have offered you a summer of challenge, of freedom of choice, of leadership and instruction. You have lived up to the challenge; you used the freedom well, you availed yourselves of our instruction.

In doing this, you have found that it might be more important to work for one's own ends and satisfactions rather than for the approval of others. And yet, you have also learned that many of our achievements are arrived at in cooperation with your fellowmen. You have learned to evaluate not only your own work but also the contributions made by others.

You have found that one way may be more suitable than another to solve a problem, but that it will be up to you to decide on the road to be taken.

By having had to make decisions all summer you saw how important your decisions can be to yourselves as well as to those around you, even if once in a while you decide to make no decision. Of course, you make mistakes, you let opportunities pass you by, but the insight gained will help you to be wiser in the future.

Thus, your achievements made you more competent, your successes more confident, your failures gave you experience. You

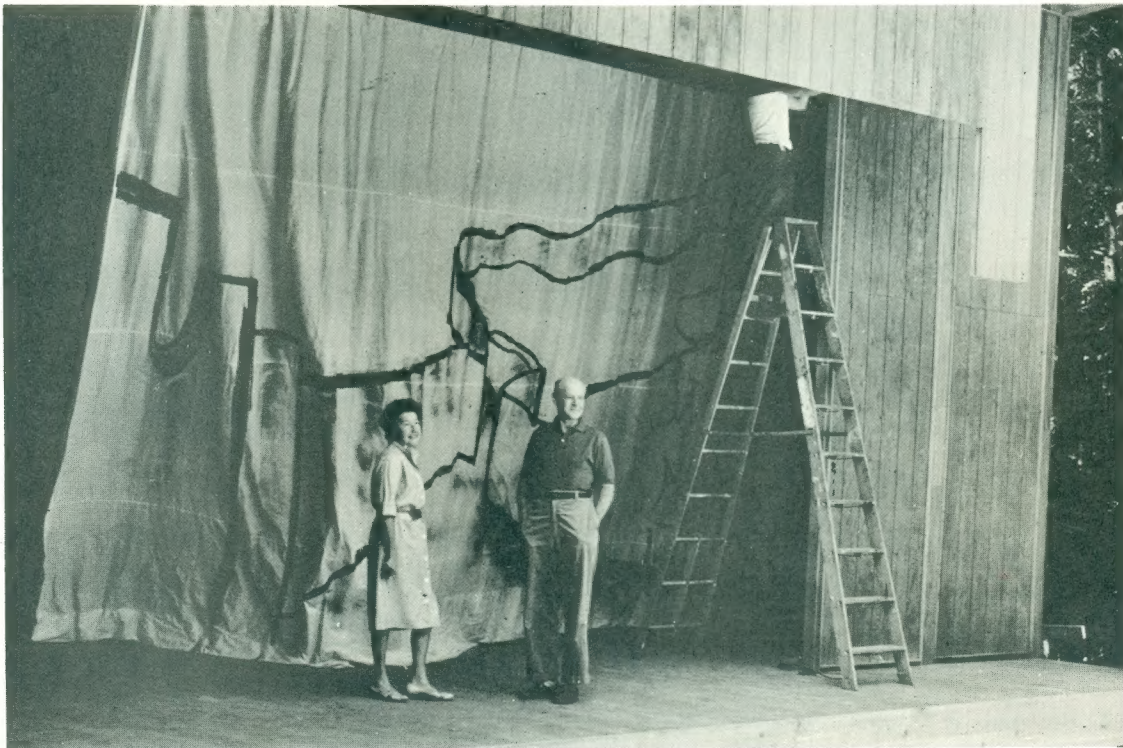


learned that direction will have to turn into self-direction, criticism be augmented by self-criticism, learning become self-learning.

You are leaving Buck's Rock, I am sure, with greater self confidence, with increased strength to initiate action, and a stronger sense of responsibility for the actions you take. You have developed your ability to make intelligent choices and cope with new situations. You have acquired new skills, explored new ideas, experienced new feelings, and found new friends to share these discoveries with.

We, in turn, are happy at the thought of having helped you in your search for purpose, meaning, and goals that will be your very own and make your lives richer and better.

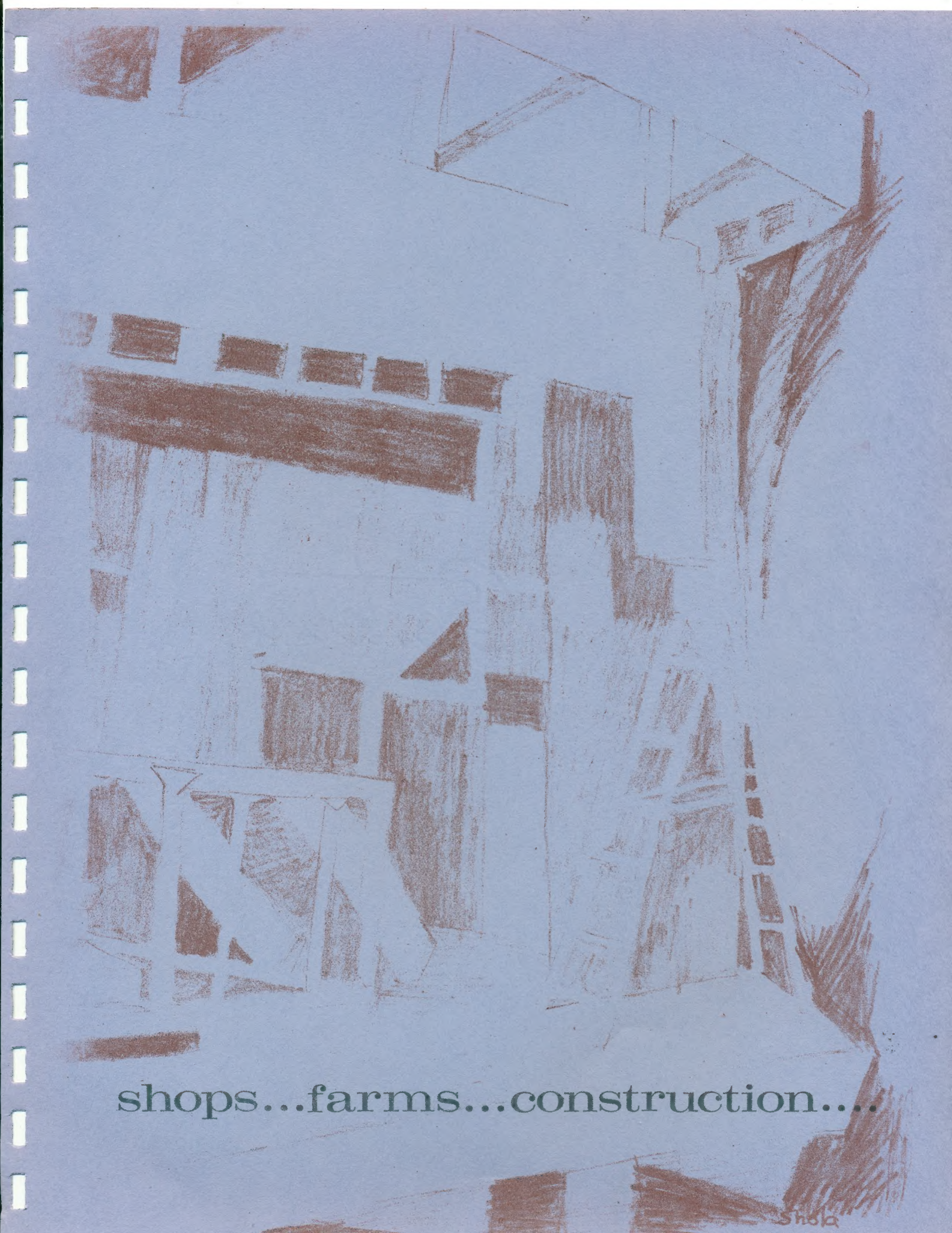
Ernst



A camper works in a new medium. He feels the clay, tosses it, pounds it against a table. Slowly and awkwardly he starts to mold it into a figure. At the outset he knows only frustration. A head falls off, an arm is too thick. He spends many hours squeezing and poking and cutting. Results do not come easily, but as he works, out of his own frustration comes a new determination, a determination that rests upon his knowledge of his own potential and the patient encouragement of a counselor. No, the line of the leg isn't right, and no, arms just don't bend that way, but so what? He'll get it the next try, because there will be a next try. The wonderfully stubborn desire for perfection has seized him. With it, he has discovered a new respect for the work of his mind, his body, his hands, and he will not be satisfied until he's gotten it right,

hours and hours of work





shops...farms...construction....

Print Shop

The afternoon gong rang and my tired steps quickened as I neared the Print Shop. Campers were already waiting for the yearbook meeting to begin.

"Hi Isabel," someone called.

"Oh, hi. Is the meeting going to start soon?"

But my question was answered as I saw Lou coming up the hill towards the shop. The hot, lazy day had worn me out, and I sat down with a plop.

"Well, let's get this meeting under way. First..."

Lou started talking, but somehow my mind was wandering... How hot it was. Wouldn't it be nice to have a cold ice cream soda? All I want to do is sit under a shady tree. How long is this meeting going to go on? I'm going to die of heat. Please, please start raining.

Somehow I managed to snap out of my daze.

"...all right. Now that we have that settled, does anyone want one of the articles?"

Oh no, what articles is he talking about? Serves me right if I don't get anything in yearbook.

"Who doesn't have an article?"

I raised my hand.

"Which article do you feel you can handle best, Isabel?"

"Well," I said doubtfully, "I guess you could say either the Print Shop or the Silkscreen Shop."

"How about taking the Print Shop?" Lou asked, looking encouragingly at me.

And soon I found myself with an article but no ideas. Now, I decided, I had to listen. His words bubbled out and ideas collected in my head. I didn't have to worry about my mind wandering and I was really interested. How time flew, and when I heard the snack gong I was genuinely surprised.

The meeting broke up but I wanted to linger. Here I could get ideas and put them together. I found a quiet bench, took up my pen, and began to write.

ISABEL EISEN

Ceramics

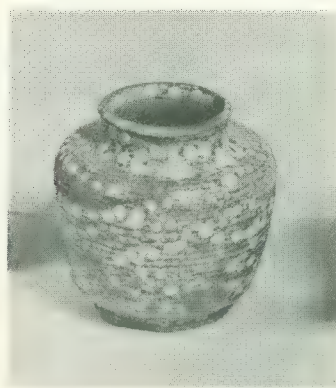
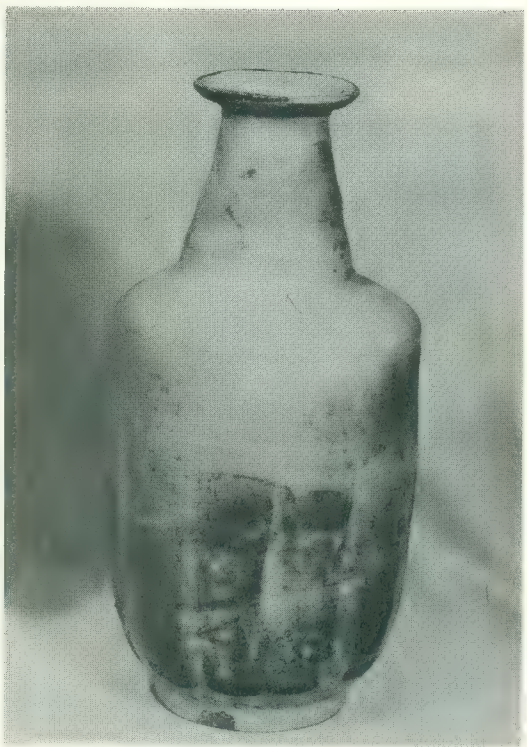
Whirr-a-whirr-a drip; plopita
"Ha!" Uhgita, plop! "Check the kiln!"
Drip-ita..."Tell me, are you nuts?"
Roar-ita..."Moan..."...Uhg..."Oy vey!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"...whirr-a-whirra
"Harry, Harry!"...grr...roar...roar!

The Ceramics Shop has a rhythm all its own. You can shut your eyes and hear its symphony in sound.

There's the steady whirr-a-whirring (first theme) of the electric potter's wheel with the uhgita-uhgita-uhgita (countertheme) of the kick wheels blending into the development--namely, the plopping of slip being stirred until it forms a thickness equal to soup. And when production reaches this point, you hear the drip-plop...drip-plop (recapitulation and closing) of the slip going through the strainer into the can.

Add to all this, Harry Allan whistling a Bach Cantata and the urgent tones of his bass-baritone voice instructing, introducing, helping, involving, and hollering. Then add the dozens of questions asked and answered--in stretto, of course-- the laughter at a good joke, the roars when things are done wrong, and play it stereophonically on 16 1/6 r.p.m. only.

ANITA ZACK



Photography

Buck's Rock Work Camp, situated in New Milford, Connecticut, has, besides a Wheezing and Batik Shop, Chicken Hill, and bug juice, a terribly friendly Photography Shop. Being an inquisitive individual, you probably want to know what exactly distinguishes this photo shop from all other photo shops. No other shop, my friend, sells 120, 127, and 35 millimeter films, develops negatives, reaks from hypo, has a highly cultural atmosphere, huge enlargers, a dryer, a dark room, a light room, hot and cold running water, cameras to rent, a red door, Phil Tavalin, and Carl Sandler all running about breathlessly and working harmoniously and efficiently together. Now, you might interject, eyes sparkling with intelligence, "Is that all?" and I will reply calmly, with a wave of my hand, "No, heavens no!" Highlighting the summer are photographic safaris to far off scenic places, photo contests, the filming of the camp movie, the production of house pictures, and the production of post cards. (The Publications and Silkscreen shops, I might add with great modesty, find the aid of our equipment, skill and advice positively indispensable.) So, my friend, if Florida has lost its zip, the weather's not so fine, and you're blistered by the sun, come on down and we'll show you something new.

SYLVIA KAY

Weaving

One day when I was hunting in the woods near New Milford Connecticut, it started to pour and storm as if God were letting out his wrath. Terrified by the roar of the wind and the pounding of the rain on the leaves, I staggered through the forest.

Finally, I spied a small lighted building which is known to a race of teenagers and their counselors as the Weaving and Batik shop of Buck's Rock Work Camp.

I walked in and asked someone, "What are you doing?"

The someone answered, "I am doing a batik. Batik is a dying process done by stretching material on a frame and then coating places with wax where you don't want the dye to go. When the cloth has been dipped and dried out you then iron off the wax. Then the process is repeated using a different color dye. This can be repeated as many times as you want to."

"Who taught this to you?"

"Mark Stewart, the CIT of batiking taught it to me."

I then strolled over to one of the looms and asked the person working on it, "How do you weave?"

"You weave by running threads through the threads already on the loom. The threads already on the loom are called the warp threads. The threads you weave through the warp are called the woof. Alternating threads of the warp are raised and the other warp threads are lowered creating a space for the woof to go through."

Alice Cohon and Melissa Marein, the shop's counselors, told me that the only textile art done in the Weaving and Batik Shop that I had not seen was linoleum block printing. This, they explained, is done by gouging out sections of the piece of linoleum that you do not want to be colored. In other words, you make a negative of the pattern you want. The pattern should be continuous. To print, you roll on ink, press the linoleum on the cloth, and then rub the back of the block to transfer the pattern from the linoleum to the cloth.

After my tour and conversation with the counselors of the shop, I walked out. By this time the rain had stopped, but there was a thick fog. I turned around and I nearly fainted! The shop had disappeared into thin air....The Weaving and Batik Shop appears only once in a blue moon-- when you wish hard enough to write a yearbook article...

Electronics Shop

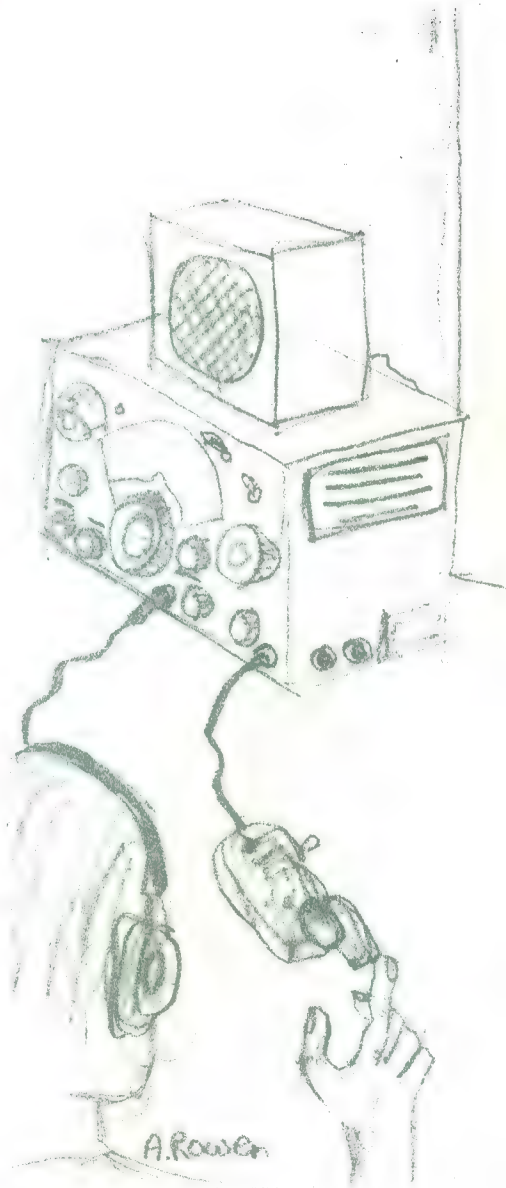
The sounds I heard when I first entered the Electronics Shop were new and strange to me, and so was the work being done. Campers were working on their own radio-transmitters. They were punching holes in the chassis, the basic frame of the transmitter, so that they could put in the many tubes of the apparatus.

Someone then turned on the camp transmitter and **began** despatching radiograms. The receiver was switched on and I heard people speaking to us from many different places around the country.

While we were listening to the receiver Bob Reasonbern called those of us who were interested outside for a session in the electronics course he was conducting. We found a spot on the nearby tennis courts, sat down, and began to talk. Bob spoke of many things about electronics, and I learned much that I hope will be useful to me later on. Unfortunately, the lunch gong then sounded and I had to leave.

That was not the only time I went to the Electronics Shop. I returned often, learned, and enjoyed learning very much. I even learned enough to start building a transmitter of my own. Working on this transmitter was one of my most wonderful experiences this summer.

GENE SCHWALB



Science

A place crowded with both animals and people...

A place where campers come to see what makes a cat tick and how a tadpole comes to be...

A place to discover the powers of radiation or the importance of genetics...

The Science Lab is where one can learn, not only by word of mouth, but by personal experiences, by making errors and tediously trying to turn them into successes.

The lab is open to anyone with patience and an inquisitive mind. Only those who expect quick results or complete answers will be disappointed. For science is a subject with many unanswerable questions, and it is the unanswered and unanswerable which form the basis of the scientist's work.

What effect will chemicals have on the regeneration of planaria? How does nembutal change the metabolism of the mouse? When two fruitflies are bred, what new genetic patterns appear? To some, the questions are pedantic and absurd, but to a curious camper they can form the basis of a better understanding of life itself.

Of course, not all science is experimenting with the unknown. Our embryology group, for example, spends most of its time studying the normal development of mammals. Millions of cats have been dissected, and it is unlikely that a camper will make a startling discovery while performing the experiment once again. Yet for the individual, it is an experiment as significant in its own way as a revolutionary discovery by a leading scientist. For science, like any other art, is based on an intensely personal experience -- a moment of discovery, which, even if it has been discovered thousands of times before, must be found again before what is new to the individual can be expanded to what is new to the world. This blending of discovery and expansion, of new and old, forms the basis not only of science, but of an entire way of thinking. For what we have learned at the lab this year extends far beyond formulas and test tubes. In trying to answer the unanswerable, we have approached the truth. There can be no more satisfying experience.

JOAN LEDERER

Silver

The Silver Shop was bursting at the seams, every available pocket of its space filled with campers. One more was not going to make a difference, so I squeezed in. Standing on my toes, I spotted Wayne bent over the table soldering an earring.

"Jane, when you solder, hold the blue part of the flame directly over the joint for just a few seconds. Now sit here and do the other earring."

As I listened to him, my nose picked up the smell of wax from another corner of the shop. But my discoveries were cut off by Wayne's voice.

"Hey, you're next. What can I do for you?"

"I want to make a ring."

"Well, first go over there and take a pencil and paper. Then make some sketches for me to see."

As I walked over to the cabinet for paper I saw the baby pearls and delicate stones in the display case. Should I choose an orange stone or a jade? big or little? ornate engraving or plain? With a pencil in one hand and paper on my lap, I began to sketch.

After half an hour, I was ready to show my sketches to Wayne. I wondered what he would think of them. But his voice interrupted my thoughts.

"How are you doing?"

"Do you think the design is too involved?" I asked as I handed him my sketches.

"No, but the stone is too big for your finger. Otherwise it looks pretty good. How wide is it going to be?"

"About a quarter of an inch, I think."

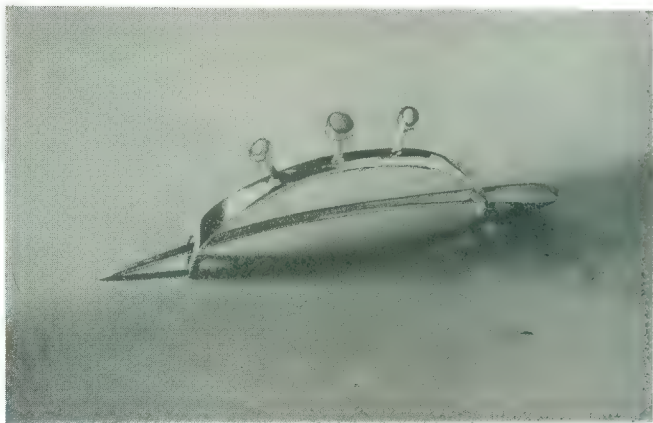
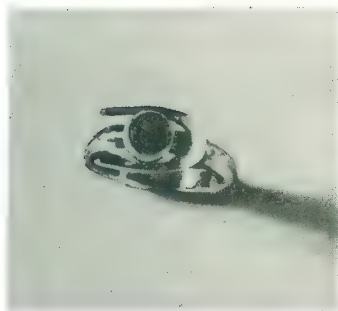
"That would do. Here, cut it out of this sheet of silver. If you get lost, ask. Okay?"

"Fine, and thanks, Wayne."

Excited about my plans, I took a handsaw and started cutting the sheet of silver. I was so happy to be one of the many who were bursting the Silver Shop seams.

BOBBIE HANDLER





Sculpture

The Sculpture Shop is not just a shop, but a city of living characters: an Egyptian Pharaoh, a belly dancer, a primitive man, and many others. Most of these intriguing characters are made from logs, but some are of plaster supported by wood, burlap, and chicken wire.

Wood is usually sculpted by stripping a log of its bark, drawing the proposed sculpture on the log, and using various chisels to carve out the object. It is then sanded, its cracks are filled, and the finished piece is oiled. There are many variations on this method.

The plaster sculptures are done by moulding the general shape in chicken wire around wood supports and then applying plaster-soaked pieces of burlap. When they dry, wet plaster is applied so as to give the figure its final shape. Then it is filed and smoothed.

Jo Jochnowitz, who has always been interested in sculpting, founded the shop this year, after being in charge of the Woodshop last year. Campers learn many things from sculpting, but the most important lesson is that it is possible to find more in a log than a piece of firewood, and that plaster is for better things than walls.

JOHN BRESSLER

Vegetable Farm

"Hey, CIT. What time is it?"

"Almost ten, and keep working."

"When'll we have a water break, Janet? I'm dying of thirst."

"In a few minutes...and don't die. We need you to hoe the peas."

So went the conversation at the Vegetable Farm one hot, humid morning when the air steamed with moisture and hung heavy over the camp.

There were nine campers on the farm, all of them getting hotter and hotter. I had hoped that no one would come to the farm because of the heat, and so was surprised by the turnout. At least the farm would close earlier than usual, and I thought of the cold shower I would take to refresh my sweated body.

As I looked at the corn, I noticed that even it seemed to be wilting. The buzzing of the bees annoyed me more than usual. As for the sky, I could see no clouds, just blue stretching away to the horizon. My thoughts were interrupted as I heard the words, "Water break!"

We all ran to the Science Lab to sip the precious contents of its electric water cooler and to splash the refreshing water on our faces. Soon we would have to go back to the farm and work some more, but for that moment anyway, the farm, the heat, the humidity, the bees---all seemed miles and miles away.

JANET BLAUSTEIN

Silk Screen

The second that elapses between the time you spot the thick, green silkscreen ink on the table and the time your hand lands on it is the most frustrating stretch of eternity imaginable.

Once it passes and you have broken your vow to stay clean, a new conflict arises. Should you abandon inhibition altogether, or should you wipe the blotch of green from your hand and pretend that nothing has happened? Try to stay clean. That seems more reasonable. So wipe your hands and continue. Another moment of agony passes. Then, as animal instinct prevails, your freshly-laundered pants begin to resemble a jester's motley.

Clothes, they say, make the man, so why not act like a clown? You slop the gooey ink all over your hands and squoosh it onto your friend's forehead. It looks hilarious. It looks even more hilarious on yours. Through the tears of laughter streaming down your painted face, the exasperated look of the counselor seems to say, "Did you come here to work or didn't you?"

"To work," your guilty eyes reply.

"But you're not going to touch that clean paper with your filthy hands, are you?" a voice booms.

"Of course not. The thought never occurred to me."

Now you must get clean. But then you think of the slimy, vase-line-like ink remover you'll have to smear all over yourself, and you decide it isn't worth it. The shirt has to go to the laundry anyway, so why bother? Go ahead. Wipe on a little more green... or yellow or....

Ellin Kardiner





Art Shop

(SCENE: The Art Shop. A new camper is making a sketch of a model. Enter Jack Sonenberg.)

Jack: Try to think of the figure as a whole, not as composed of details. These are quick sketches, to capture without detail the basic position or action of the model.

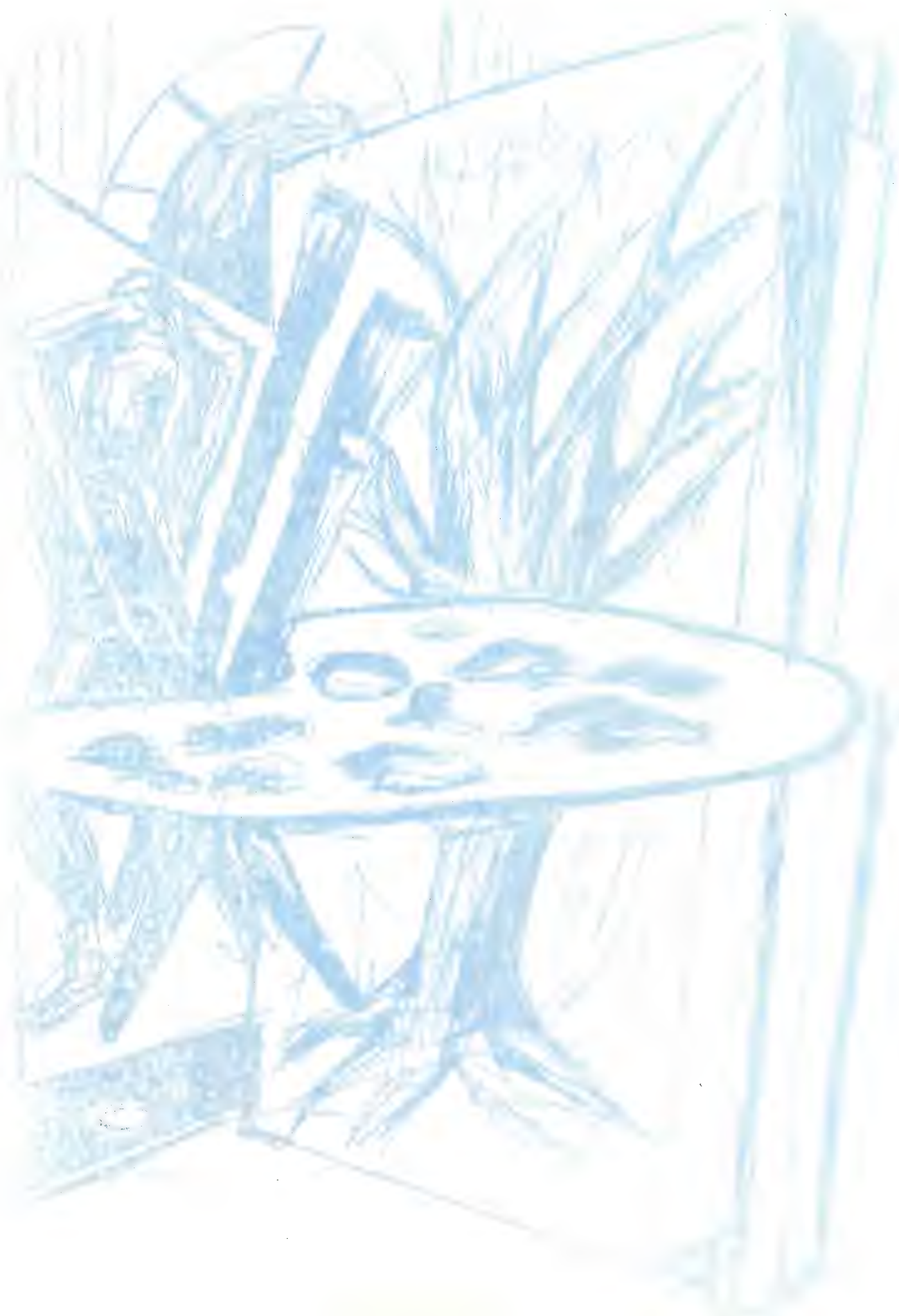
Camper: I never thought about it that way. I have this sort of aversion to bold, sweeping strokes and large, basic figures. I rather prefer quieter, more real art--by more real I mean earthly details.

Jack: What you want is a Rembrandt etching or a Victorian parlor. And even they concentrated on the unity of the figure. Well, we all had that yearning once. These model sessions try to bring you to a basic knowledge of human anatomy. Through all the woodland and sea, the animals and crosses which are so often portrayed, the human figure has remained the main subject. Even in non-objective art the message that the artist gives is almost always to man.

Camper: Are you a modern artist?

Jack: I am a non-objective artist. But we have a knowledge of so-called "realistic wit," of which there are endless branches, or at least we should have some knowledge of it. Classic art is not the only thing. This is a new age of art; a big and wonderful change has taken place, and we are right in the center of it. There is much in the new trend that is undesirable, I know, but there is also much that's marvelous and fresh and bright and diverting and new. Consider all the break-aways from many of the old traditional subjects, which are hackneyed to such a state of triteness that, say, some religious themes are a dreadful bore to see, after seeing the same thing a few steps back. Modern art goes off from these to new subjects and goes to new ones which will attract the lover of art more---and the historian.

Camper: How the historian?



Jack: Art is always paralleled with history; it shows by its changes and additions the changes in this world. Thus the sudden birth of modern art shows the incredible progress of civilization in the last hundred or so years. But we shouldn't forget the past altogether. The studies of, say, human anatomy by the masters are still a joy, ingenious creations both to see and study. We still use much of the classical work in the new way, and man's ageless desire for art is still with us.

Camper: But what of the non-objective movement? I could never get to the core of the idea of painting something that doesn't resemble anything in this world.

Jack: Ha, that's just the thing---resemblance. A non-objective artist diverts from the natural to unearthly (but not so very reproachful) shapes and novel combinations of color. His world---rather his interpretation of the world---is a new kingdom in itself. But back to realistic art, if you wish. Almost all of the people at Buck's Rock use rather a unique modern style of realistic art; each person has, actually, his own separate branch of procedure and style.

Camper: Yes. What subjects do they mostly choose to reproduce?

Jack: Well---models, still lifes, and nature in the sketching classes. We've got a good oil painting program---nature and still lifes are the major subjects, and the human figure and some non-objective subjects are also popular. We have a good deal of graphic arts---lithograph, etching, etc.---and that has no main theme. But any subject is up to you, although we will set up stills and make suggestions for other subjects. Our job is to develop the individual as he develops himself. We don't encourage competition here, but we find the individual talents, hidden or not, and develop them by practice in the different media and start the person developing himself---which he's done all the while. Buck's Rock is always thirsty for art and creative people. The Art Shop is one of the main places for practicing creativity. We try to give you a look at all types of studio art, and not to force on the individual what is distasteful to him. There is variety in man's tastes; there is consequently variety in what he does with his hands and mind.

JON ROSE

Weeder's, Yearbook and Folio

A building on a slightly sloping hill surrounded by trees, sky, and flowers is all you see when you look at the Print Shop at night. During work hours, this same building bursts with music, laughter, and hot tempers....with songs, people, and work. It is, in fact, empty only during the evening when a lock shuts the door to visitors and midnight prowlers.

The Print Shop does not have to advertise its hospitality by placing a welcome mat outside its door. The laughing voices and loud music from a borrowed record player are enough of an invitation to enter. Once a camper has entered, he is caught up by the friendliness and willingness to teach that he finds there. The following morning, when the work gong rings, he knows exactly where to go.

Often crowded to the point of overflow, the Print Shop holds all kinds of people. Here come the talented and the untalented, the friendly and the friendless, the happy and the sad. Surprisingly enough, the Print Shop knows how to deal with all of them. The usual treatment is work, which is never scarce when there are Weeder's, Yearbook, and Folio to produce.

The Impressions one gets of the Print Shop on a summer's night differ considerably from those he gets during the day. Although it has quite a bit of personality for a building, it always lacks its most important elements when it is dark and empty....



ELLEN BERMAN

Woodshop

Across from the main shop complex, with the woods as its backdrop, is Buck's Rock's largest shop--- the Woodshop. When I stand in front of the sculpture work around its entrance, with the large black-rimmed windows staring down at me, it becomes the most majestic structure in camp.

Once inside however, it loses some of its splendor. The shop's dust, noise, and routines are its strongest characteristics. The noise may be either mechanical or vocal. "Turn off the machines," "Put those tools away," and "Cleanup!" are woodshop battle cries.

A sign in the lathe area gives the dreary formula for success: "Keep Sanding." While a number of people follow the formula, a bystander may, at any given time, see some campers leaning on their projects and idly staring into space and others wandering in to talk to friends or get snack. Nevertheless, I enjoy working in the Woodshop. To piece together a table or to carve out a bowl is fun, and even to "Keep Sanding" pays off when you run your fingers over a smooth, finished project.

TOM ROSENBAUM



Construction

Dirt flying...busy campers trying to finish a hard job fast...a hole appears, then another and another. Once the holes are dug and the footings laid, ambitious campers, eager to do a big job, congregate around the construction tool shed to see what needs to be done.

The first projects to be completed by the C.C.C. this year were additions to the new stage. Working in a rush to finish the job in time for the first play, we built steps, a platform, and began pouring concrete for an amphitheatre that will seat an audience of six hundred people when completed.

Using new methods and ideas, campers erected one of the most attractive structures in camp, the new Print and Publications Shop. Slowly the floor was built, the walls raised, and the roof put on. In a matter of weeks, a new shop building was erected.

The counselor in charge of construction this year was Arnold Zlotoff, a junior high school graphic arts teacher and a part-time construction man. Working with him were Jon Bulova and Gene Miller. Supervising at the stage were Kenny Golden and Jess Adler, assisted by Charlie Ewen and Scott Newrock.

In addition to the projects mentioned above, the C.C.C. performed many diverse tasks from one end of camp to the other. Foundations for next year's projects (a weaving and maintenance shop and a new bunk) were laid. All in all, it was a busy season for the C.C.C.

SCOTT NEWROCK

The enthusiastic call for auditions, the frenzy of last-minute rehearsals, and the glamour of make-up, spectators, and applause are part of the excitement of Buck's Rock performances. Our drama, dance, and music programs provided an opportunity for many of us to be something other than--or perhaps, more than--what we are in our daily lives. Performances gave us a chance to participate in that other reality, a reality in which we became a part of something that was bigger than any one of us---Jane played the violin... Dean played the clarinet...Jeff played the trumpet....Together, we formed an orchestra.

we're on!





performing arts....

Drama Workshop

Pressure, objects, color, age---these are some of the elements of challenge in the Drama Workshop.

At the first meeting of the workshop, Mike Goldfarb put the first of these challenges to us. He instructed us to impose on ourselves imaginary physical pressures which would come from various angles. Sometimes these pressures hindered forward movement; at other times they impelled it. Our task was to demonstrate the presence of the pressure without recourse to words.

Did you ever try calling a friend on a non-existent phone? We did. We had to pantomime a scene so well that others would understand the action even though we used no props. We learned how difficult it is to create the weight, texture, size, and temperature of an imaginary object. Sometimes we walked through forgotten walls. Often we let our delicious ice cream cones melt because we forgot they existed. Eventually, though we became more aware of the various objects that our minds had created.

Mike then called upon us to act out colors through movement, and we learned that not everyone sees color in the same way. Each of us differed in the movements he used. What meant orange to one person meant red to another. We began to realize the importance of body control in acting, and to appreciate the relationship between drama and dance.

By midsummer we were ready to portray a character at a specific time of his life. At this point we added speech to our movements, and began to work in small groups. Dialogue created the problem of relating to others actors as well as to the audience and to our roles. Gradually we grew ready for impromptu scenes, scenes in which we had to establish a mood to accompany the plot. Using what we had already learned, we performed such feats as getting lost in imaginary caves with little or no advanced planning.

As the summer wore on, each member of our group made progress. Our awareness of the difficulties involved in acting had increased for we ourselves had experienced them.

DEBBY GOLDFARB
SUE TABBAT

WBBC

As I entered the WBBC shack, the stern faces of Harold Ewen and Mike Sawyer indicated that there was to be absolute silence in the studio. The coming discussion of the movie Dr. Strangelove was to be my first radio experience. Sitting down on the wooden bench to the right of the door, I waited with my hands clasped tightly. I noticed that others were entering and seating themselves and suspected that they were as nervous as I. Reviewing in my mind the subject of the discussion, I tried to give myself some idea of what I would say concerning the danger, illustrated by the movie, of accidental war. Then came the moment that I thought would never come--when I heard announcer Gene Schwab say: "And now stay tuned for our special feature program Critique." After a brief introduction, Harold Ewen asked us for our thoughts on the movie. I found myself talking and suddenly my nervousness vanished and I knew that everything would be all right.

VICKI SCHER



The Chinese Wall

When I went down to tryouts for The Chinese Wall, I had no idea of what was going to happen. Like most Buck's Rockers, I have a high opinion of myself, but I was worried by reports of fantastic competition. Thus, I was pleasantly shocked to find myself cast as Tsin She Hwang Ti, the great exalted emperor who was always in the right.

Another shock arrived along with the third section of the script. I found four pages of soliloquies dumped into my lap. I also found that the play was one hundred twenty pages long.

The shock to end all shocks, however, was the rehearsal schedule. Hwang Ti is a big part, and I found with mild annoyance that I would be spending my summer at the rehearsal stage. Then, finally, it was August first.

The evening of production was the calmest since we had started night rehearsals. There would be no more adjusting of lights, no more screaming at the sound crew, no more fussing with entrances and blocking. This was it.

I went to the Rec Hall for my make-up and then, leaving behind a shaken make-up crew, departed for the costume shop. Now there was nothing to do but wait. Silent backstage for the first time, I paid attention to scenes I had seen many times before. I patiently endured the fifty-four pages before my entrance (only two important characters waited longer).

Then... I was on! Excited, yes, but I was not nervous. This was the easiest part of the play--performing a role I earned in long, hard hours of rehearsal. And then it was over. There was nothing to do but remove the costume and make-up and start playing Roy Goodman again.

ROY GOODMAN

The Dance

On Dance Night, as I'm standing offstage waiting to make my entrance, I marvel at the beauty and gracefulness of the performers. Only a few weeks earlier many of them were struggling to keep their shoulders down and their stomachs in. Now, with the help of stage lights, make-up, costumes, and an appreciative audience, they move with the assuredness of practiced dancers.

The atmosphere backstage before and during a dance performance is inexplicably exciting. Several hours before the program begins, the dancers ready themselves by stretching, bouncing, jumping, pointing, or flexing. I always try to find a special corner where I can warm up alone, but that's practically impossible with everyone running around. Last-minute problems intensify the excitement. Cries and moans are heard as misplaced costumes are hunted for and long hair falls from supposedly tight buns. The discovery of a run in a pair of tights always causes a frantic cry for help.

My fright begins the moment before I go onstage. I'm not scared that I might forget a step or be off on my counting. I'm afraid of the audience---and how they will react to my movements. But as soon as I get onstage, my fear disappears and is replaced by a determined effort to win them over. When I see the audience, something compels me to dance as well as I can.

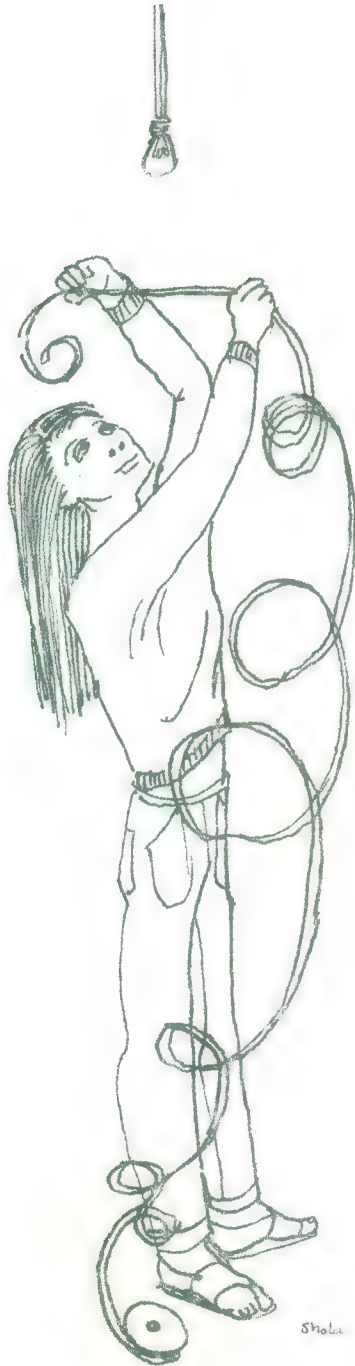
After so many hours of rehearsing, there is a natural letdown when it's all over. But the tingle of excitement over a dance performance lingers for a long time after the bows are taken. It never fades completely.

TOBIE SPERRY



Art Shop Movie

The Art Shop, robbed of it's morning clamor, contained two silent figures crouched over a table. Recognizing Jane and Jenny, I walked toward them to find out what they were working at. On the table stood a box of many colored magic-markers, and beside it lay a roll of partly unwound film. With one of the markers Jenny was drawing a thin blue line on each minute frame of film. She then inched the film along to Jane who would draw a wider yellow line above each blue line.



I learned from talking to the girls that they were making a movie by painting 16mm desensitized film with both ink and magic-marker. The process of production seemed tedious and boring, the assembly line technique of blue line, yellow line being the usual procedure. They told me that a short scene of about fifty seconds would take eight-hundred frames of film, each second requiring sixteen individual frames. To draw eight-hundred frames of film might take them as much as three hours.

I began to appreciate the painstaking work involved when Jane showed me a completed scene from the movie. It depicted a boat entering port, and the tiny picture of the boat had to be drawn by hand in one-hundred frames. Each frame was one-half inch long and one-quarter inch wide. The Movie will be called "The Transatlantic Rag" and is the second Art Shop experiment in film making. (Last year's art film, "Lulu," was shown with a movie early in the season.) It should be an improvement on its predecessor since it appears to have a plot (the story of an ocean voyage) and it will use more than one piece of music to create a variety of sounds, rhythms, and moods.

I left the two figures still crouched over their work. I wondered what the film would look like when all of its seven minutes were completed: Would the sea really look like sea? How would the ship look? Would I recognize the boat entering port? I tried to imagine....

SALLY STEIN

Folk Dance

"Right, left...grape-vine...one, two..."

Here at Buck's Rock the strains of "Bat Hareem" or "Dubleska Polka" hurry campers away from second supper and down to the tennis courts where they quickly forget the worries of the day and become engrossed in learning new folk dances.

To the bewildered novice the rhythms of one folk dance sound much like the rhythms of another. Not until Marty strides to the center of the circle and demonstrates the steps for each, do the distinctions between Balkan and Israeli movements become clear. Gradually the steps are learned and the dance takes form. Feet fly, shoulders lean into the center, stars appear. The sky sways and dances above, as spectators gather around the tennis courts to watch.

After learning the dance, each person is exhausted but happy.

LIZ STAMM



Folksing

The rain came down for an hour or so. Then it stopped. The setting sun came through. We were relieved. The movie would not be cancelled.

The wind picked up speed and rushed over the land. The showers came down in a solid sheet as if they would never stop. Our hopes were dashed. Once again there would be no movie. Then Ernst announced, "Tonight there will be a folksing."

The building where people eat and talk, where announcements are made, was empty and dark.

Lights...people...voices lifted in song... guitars in tune...joy spread through the hall. Happy was there and so was Jon. And Mark was there to give a hand..."Going to the Zoo" and "This Land"...people smiled.

The days passed. It rained again from time to time.

Now it still rains...I can't remember the tunes...the words slip my mind...I am singing and my memories join in chorus.

Eddie Godnick

Silly Billy Players

Ernst had announced something about a reading of Ionesco's "Bald Soprano" by the Silly Billy Players, but still I wasn't sure of what I had come up to the social hall porch to see that evening. Before me stood six empty stools. Was this the entire set? And then the readers walked on, each wearing a different hat. The reading began and, before long, I was laughing at seemingly ridiculous statements. Trivial, everyday conversation became hilarious when put together in one play.

Gradually, my mind began to drift away from the reading and I began to re-examine myself. Had I ever used words in such a meaningless way? I knew the answer was yes, and suddenly the jokes were not so funny. I was entranced by the truthfulness of this simple reading.

Eventually, the spell snapped and I remembered that I was sitting on the social hall porch between grimy sneakers and smelly sweatshirts. It was only a matter of minutes before the play was over and the gong rang. The characters rose and took their bows. I now thought so much more of these counselors who could come together from such varied backgrounds and, after only one rehearsal, put on such an entertaining program.



JANET POMERANTZ

Chorus

"Chorus! Chorus!" shouted Dave. The response was a chorus of munching and gurgling from the social hall porch. "Chorus!" he screamed again, and a few sopranos strayed in, nibbling intently on the remains of soggy cookies. Dave rapped his stick violently, and his eyes grew wild, but still no shining voices could be heard over the dull roar of snack. Eventually, however, the singers appeared -- basses, tenors, altos, sopranos, and unclassified voices. Soon "mms" and "aas" could be heard throughout camp.

"Come on sopranos, you miserable creatures," smiled Dave. "Jazz it up a bit...Hit it honey," he said to Anahid, who was feverishly playing all four parts at once and each separately.

Finally, it was 5:15, and Dave said kindly, "Okay kids, I'm going to let you go a few minutes early." Singers hummed off into a day's vocal hibernation, and silence fell over camp. Bach and Haydn breathed a sigh of relief. Chorus was over -- for the afternoon.

LESA LOOMER

Orchestra

When I first went to orchestra rehearsals, I noticed that the group was smaller than last year's. I soon learned that it was not because there were fewer people who play instruments this year, but rather because some campers dropped out of the group and some simply never joined. I got the impression that they thought the orchestra was not good enough for them and the music not challenging enough.

It must be remembered, to begin with, that our orchestra is a mixture of people, playing instruments on different levels of achievement with different musical backgrounds and training. We cannot possibly attain the perfection of a group which has worked together for a long period of time. The balance of our instruments is off, and this creates problems in arriving at a good sound. But we try.

As for the claim that the music we play is too easy, I know that I get a certain sense of satisfaction out of playing even an "easy" selection well. Besides, some of the music we're playing this summer is very challenging. The Haydn Mass, for example, is a most difficult piece. Further, no one is limited to playing in the orchestra alone. Dave encourages orchestra members to join the smaller chamber groups where they may play works of their own choosing.

This summer I found that the rewards of being in orchestra are many. I've gained a fuller appreciation of the works of certain composers, and have improved my own playing while helping to improve a group. I have played under a conductor with an extensive knowledge of music, and I look forward to the concert on the green in New Milford and the broadcast over WLAD in Danbury. Orchestra is one of the activities at Buck's Rock which stresses the group. A little more group spirit would counteract many of its problems.

ELLEN THEA OGINTZ

Madrigal Group

It could be at 7:02 in the Rec Hall any Wednesday, Friday, or Sunday evening.

"You're all late," shouts Dave. "Madrigal starts at 7:00 sharp! And don't be late! Okay everybody, stand up."

The madrigal singers groan as they stand up slowly.

"Come on you miserable creatures! Warm up!"

Assorted voices let out joyful "aaaah's" and "ah ah ah ah's" at the command. Dave is not satisfied.

"Dumkopfs. I want it in the nose, from the stomach, darker, higher."

"Aaaah, ah ah ah ah," is the retort in voices sounding much darker, higher, from the stomach, and in the nose.

Our vocal chords well-exercised, we begin with "Floret Silva" from Orff's "Carmina Burana." We sing beautifully, in tune, and with correct rhythm.

"What is this Flow-ret bit?" shrieks Dave. "I used to go with a girl named Floret and it's pronounced 'Flooooret.' All right, conversion time. We're going to go over the Sabbath service. Now I want you to really spit it out. Eins, tsvei, drei and..."

"Boruch Shem," the chorus spits out.

"Put a little schmaltz in it! Encore!"

After weeks of rehearsals like this one, our Madrigal Group was ready to perform. At church and temple services in New Milford we sang selections by Bach, Victoria, and Haydn, in addition to the regular service. At a chamber music concert in camp we sang a French piece, "Ce Moys de May," by Jannequin and "My Heart is Offered Still to You" by Lassus. At our final concert, on the green in New Milford, and over WLAD we sang Haydn's Second Mass.

LESA LOOMER

Play Production

Here is our stage. It is not finished, it is not beautiful, it is not practical. But on play night when the stark wood is dressed with carefully aimed spotlights, well-made sets, and actors in bright costumes, the audience becomes aware of another world. The bare wooden floor becomes the platform for important events in the lives of unusual people.

But before the stage becomes what the playwright has envisioned, there is much work to be done. After a week of almost relaxed line rehearsals, the cast starts working until one a.m. Tension begins to build between actors and director. When an actor misses his cue or forgets a line, he feels the whip of the director's shortened temper. The actor must keep trying to fit himself into the life of the playwright's character. If he succeeds, the play is on its way; if not, the struggle continues.

But the director and actors do not work alone in the production of a play. In a little corner is the lighting shack. Today it is a shambles of endless colored wire. Tomorrow it will look much the same but there will be many numbered dials and switches connected to lights at the stage---lights which will create and control the sun and light in the lives of the people in the play. There is a tape recorder here which can be a crowd of yelling people, an approaching train, a thunderstorm, or sometimes just an idle machine.

Backstage is another part of the theatre, the workshop for stage design. Campers and counselors take wood and spray-paint and turn them into trees, walls, and rooms. After many set-backs and after having to scrap some work, the sets are finally approved and they become an integral part of the play. Then, with the aid of skillful lighting, the audience sees and feels the atmosphere that the playwright wanted to project.

While all the sub-departments of the stage are hard at work, rehearsals go on. There is a steady, reliable confusion, something to be expected when so many different departments overlap. Above the noise of direction, acting, and discussion is the sound of constant hammering and sawing. However, a lot of people here know what they are doing and work is steady and almost



relaxing.

But the greatest confusion is during the lighting rehearsal. Then the mood changes to frantic rushing and hysteria. People on the stage are moved about into the right spots like chess men. The director tries to communicate with the lighting shack through a walkie-talkie which makes more noise than the people speaking through it. Fuses blow, actors tromp on wires, the person working the tape recorder persists in playing the wrong music.

After the first run-through, the work of days becomes visible as things become quicker and sharper. The lights get worked at the right times and the actors are in the right places. Now the effects the playwright wanted are starting to come through. The picture is being colored in at last.

When play night comes, everyone is filled with the built-up tension of the past hectic week. But things go almost smoothly. The audience is seeing the end result of days of preparation and all they usually say is, "It's better than I thought it would be."

ANNE EHRLICH

Costuming

"Much Ado About Something" could easily be the motto of the Costume Shop. Although a small shop, all its available space is used to full advantage. Two of the walls shelve material that can dress anything from a troll to an emperor. On the floor are egg and fruit crates waiting to be made into armor. Betty Ewen and Judy Freeman, the counselors, take pride in their work. This summer they demonstrated a high degree of imaginative and creative ability. Their sewing machines buzzed, their needles flew, and suddenly an emperor's costume came alive.

The same costume may be used dozens of times. At the end of each production, it is carefully wrapped and stored for future use. When planning costumes for the next play, the old ones are examined and reconsidered with fresh minds. Stitches are added and ripped as the night of nights approaches.

Play night is hectic, but as far as the Costume Shop is concerned it is the night for showing itself off, for both the costumes and the people who worked on them are radiant.

LAURA EWEN

At any time of day the lawn is covered with small clusters of people. There is someone reading, someone writing, and someone just lying and gazing up at the sky. Laughter and guitar strums mingle and blow in the breeze and the strains of the jug band float down from under the oak tree. It seems that the ping pong balls never stop flying and that the tether ball never stops whirling on its string. Further down the road spectators cheer a tennis match, and the Watermelon League worms up for its game. This is the time spent in between the shops, rehearsals, and meals---the break or intermission from the day's other activities. Artists and dancers tumble from their stage and melt into the common group of sloppy, sometimes lazy campers. This time can be restful or it can be active. It is only as important as each person makes it.

intermission





sports...recreation...leisure....

Tennis

It was a cold Sunday morning when I arrived at the tennis court. Bob Kornreich was already out there instructing one of his tennis pupils. While settling myself down on the grass beside the tennis court I heard Bob prompting his pupil, "Exaggerate your back swing and follow through more." She stood there trying so hard and he exclaimed while she swung, "Back! Back! Back!" and she still trying hard. Then she hit the ball over, attempting to master the motion of the racket.

At times her mind seemed to wander while her body still stood in the back court alert and waiting for the smooth tennis ball to reach her. However, it took only a curt "follow out towards the net" from Bob to awaken her to the present situation. Then, suddenly, her being achieved a new zeal, a new devotion towards the racket, the ball, the tennis stroke, and she followed through correctly. "Good," says he. She becomes enthusiastic. "Get it back. Keep it low. EEoow!" and the ball swerves over the fence.

Bob's words take on new meanings when one has a tennis ball and racket in hand. Each word, abruptly spurted out, means, when you've finally mastered the dialect, "better tennis."

Then I got up and left them---Bob at the net and she standing there in the far court hitting back his volleys. She stood there when I left with a look on her face that seemed to say she had perhaps gained something out of being there, something more than what one could see at that moment.

RENA ROSENWASSER

Watermelon League

The score was 7-4 in favor of the Execrables when Pete stepped up to the plate. I was up next. The bases were loaded, with two outs, and I dreamt of getting up and hitting a grand slam. Bill was on third, Kenny on second, and Dave was on first. All I could do now was swing my bat and wait my turn.

The pitcher wound up for the first pitch to Pete.

"Strike one," yelled the umpire.

From all over you could hear, "Bum call. It was a ball."

I began to worry. I might never get to the plate to hit the grand slam. The next pitch was high; the count was now one and one.

"The pitcher can't put two more over," I thought. "He's got to walk him."

But the next pitch was a strike, and my anxiety grew. I was afraid Pete would strike out and the game would be over.

"Guard that plate. Come on, hit the ball," I yelled.

When Pete fouled the next one down the third base line, my hopes were raised again.

"Come on. Straighten it out," I shouted.

He did. The next ball sailed down to third and was bobbled. Kenny came from second to third, and all I wanted was for him to stick to third so I could get up.

He didn't, though. He overran third, the third baseman threw the ball home, and Kenny went smashing into the catcher who tagged him out.

We lost the ball game, 7-5. I slammed down the bat and walked away.

MARK KLEINMAN

Fencing

It was the second day of camp, and romance was slowly fading into reality. There I was, learning to my embarrassment and frustration that fencing was based more on precision than daring, more on tedious practice than bold execution. Utterly confused and stumbling over my own feet, I struggled desperately through advances, retreats, and lunges.

"Come on, Pat!" yelled Marty. "Knee out over toe, sink more, and palm up." That first morning on the badminton court seemed as if it would never end. Convinced that I had accomplished nothing, I trudged off to my bunk with a sigh of relief and a promise of never again.

But broken promises and second tries are what free us from ourselves. Fencing soon became a sport instead of a chore, a challenge instead of a drudgery. When I think back to those fun-filled but confusing moments, I know why fencing is now so important to me. For graceful self-discipline and precise movement, once acquired, are far more satisfying than Hollywood flamboyance and impressive, but unnecessary gallantry. These are skills I want to acquire, and I know that with practice I will achieve my goal and the satisfaction that comes with it.

And so, today, the story has changed. "Dublay on the advance, kick out lunge, come back, parry six, and repost. That's fine, Pat." In one summer, I've learned more about fencing from Marty, Toby, and Jules than I ever expected.

PAT SAUNDERS

Swimming

On the first day of camp, I timidly left my bunk and sought a veteran who showed me the obscure path to the waterfront. After a stumbling, tumbling, walk through the woods, I stepped out into a wide open space full of the myriad colors of nature. In the midst of this color I could see our raft, a white rectangle, bobbing up and down in a blue-green sea. My interest urged my feet to continue.

As I came closer to what seemed like an opening in the bank, I noticed to my surprise that this was actually a waterfall. Later, I learned that it was great fun to sit under this large cascade. It became a window pane of bright moving colors depending on the location of the sun. As the days went on, I found myself riding down in the truck with a group of kids for Junior Life Saving. I would clamber off the truck and wait eagerly for Bob or Marty to tell us what to do. Whether it was holds or rescue positions we learned, I always felt exhausted but refreshed after the lesson.

Now it is the end of the summer and Junior Life Saving is over. The waterfront, once such a great surprise, is part of me. I think nothing of riding in the truck or crashing through the woods. I run down the path, snatch off my shoes, splash through the opening, throw my towel down and join the fun. SPLASH.

LYNN OETTINGER

Volleyball

During dinner the volleyball court is always empty. But after second supper one or two people start a volleyball game. A few campers, CIT's, and counselors distribute themselves haphazardly on either side of the net and hit the ball back and forth. The play is carefree and unorganized.

More players arrive and lines are formed. Although interest heightens with each volley, it is not yet time to start a conventional game with point scoring and organization. Competition centers on getting individual volleys over the net rather than on the entire game.

Soon the court becomes overcrowded. Twelve hands reach out to tap the ball. Special servers serve from appointed lines as the game takes on a professional air. All tomfoolery with the net ends. The volleys lengthen and the emphasis is on skill and teamwork.

Then, as the evening cold drives some players to their bunks, others are lured away by passing friends. Soon only a few are left to play an odd combination of volleyball and soccer. If the ball hits the ground it is kicked or tossed lazily back over the net. Eventually it becomes difficult, if not impossible, to follow the course of the game. As darkness falls and the gong rings for evening activity, the ball is abandoned. The only movement across the court now is the shadows of campers going to and from the social hall.

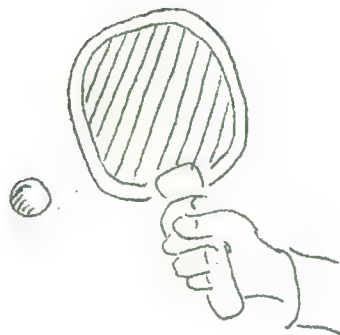


FRED BRANDFON

Short Sports

PING PONG

Ernie's a psychologist
And he very well knows
That ping-pong's the answer
To everyday woes.
What with inner frustrations
Complexes as well
Banging around a little white ball
Can really be swell!

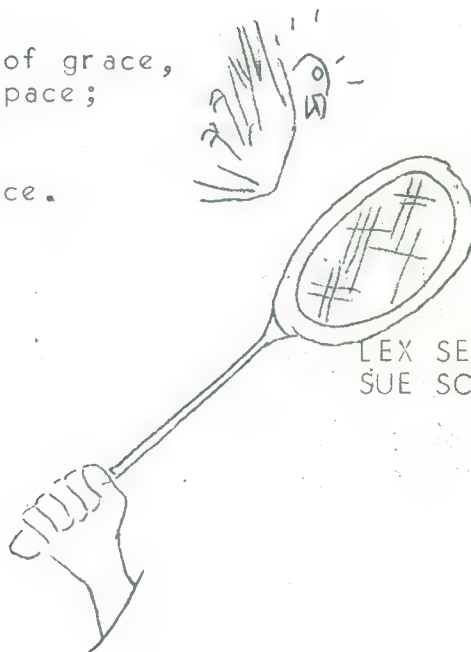


TETHERBALL

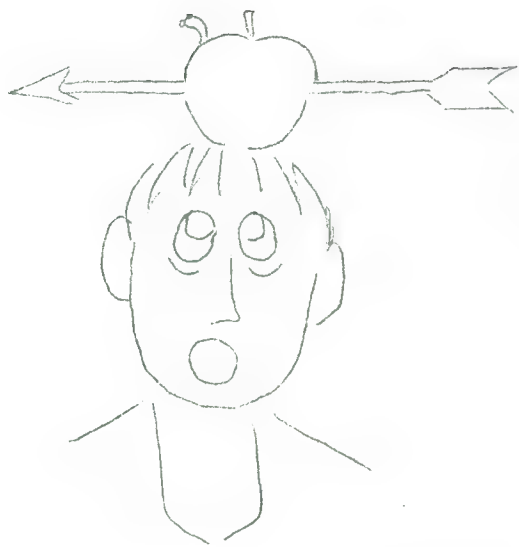
On your way to the Social Hall,
You pass a bright yellow tetherball.
Make it swing! Make it fly!
It's more creative than throwing pie!

BADMINTON

The birdie is a thing of grace,
Alas it sets a mighty pace;
It creeps and crawls
And falls and falls
And hits you in the face.



LEX SELDIN
SUE SCHWARTZ



ARCHERY

A horse and feather you don't need,
In order to make Kathe bleed;
A bow and arrow we'll supply,
And watch your scoring go sky-high.

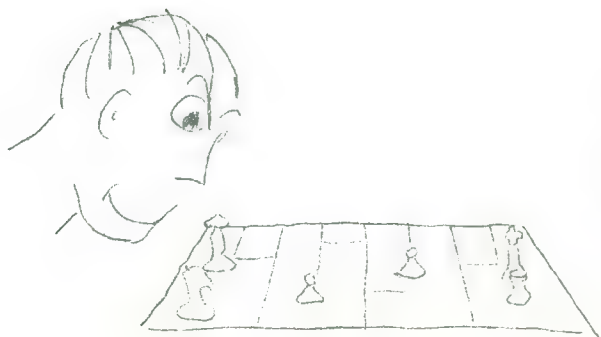
SWIMMING

When it's too hot to think or labor,
The swimming hole's the place we savor.
Under the falls or out to the raft,
Whenever it rained, Linda laughed



CHESS

Though everyone says it's an intellect's game,
Buck's Rockers play it without any shame.
Da-Da Moose is in charge of it all,
'cause it's a good change from playing base-ball.



Riflery

As our ragged file mounts the hill to the rifle range, Sylvestre watches for birds. Suddenly, he raises his rifle and motions for silence. He shoots.

"Darn, I missed."

"Oh, you couldn't hit it if it were right in front of you, Syl!" And on to the rifle range.

"Okay. Put the mattresses down...put the rifles down. Brumberger! number three...Dave Deifik number seven...Holsinger number one...." (and so on until all the positions are filled)

"Here are the blocks; your ammunition...pick up your rifles and adjust the slings." (somehow the position never seems right) "Safeties off" (now I must aim) "Commence firing!" (squeeze the trigger) CRACK! CRRAACK! (rifles spit into the sleepy morning air)

"Could you spot number five, please?"

"Ahh...you got it at about five o'clock in the four ring."

"Nuts."

(throw the bolt open...heck...the shell won't come out...get another and pry it...there...reload...aim...squeeze...huh? take the safety off, you nincompoop...there...looks good...thrice more I shoot)

"Everybody finished? Okay, retrieve your targets and put up new ones. Ira will score them."

(out the fifty feet to the targets...looks good. .ahh ...nine...six...again. five...ughfour.. that makes thirty ...foo...not good enough...)

But I try again that morning and several more mornings. Perhaps someday I'll make sharpshooter.

MARTIN HOLSFINGER

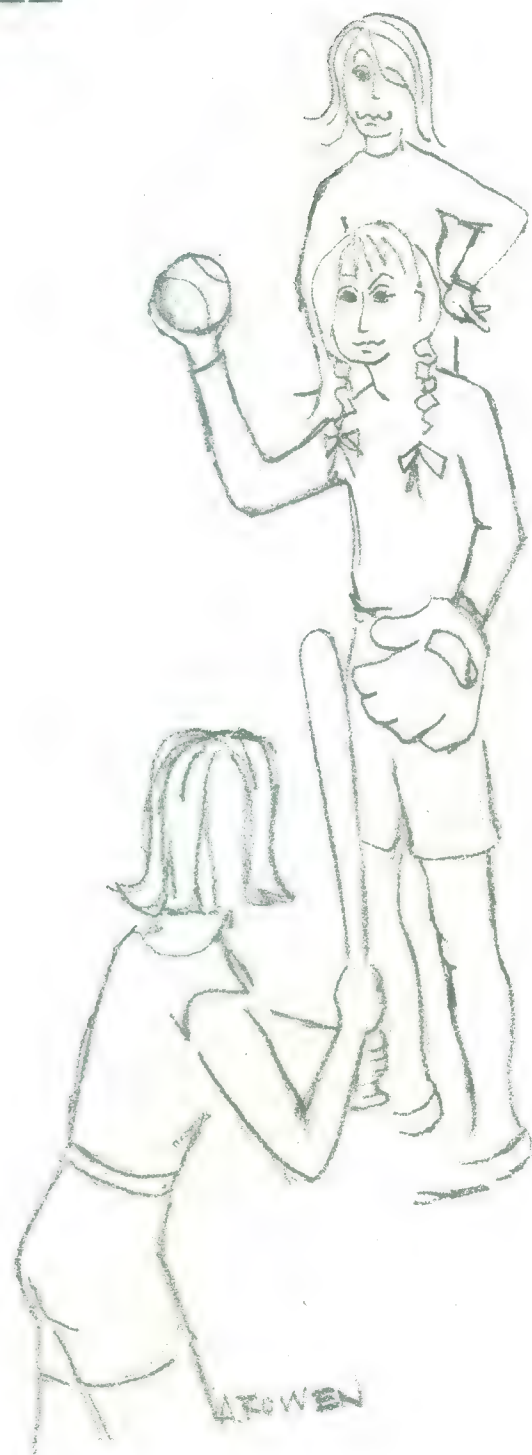
Girls Softball

Women are often called the weaker sex, but on Friday evenings Buck's Rock girls demonstrate strength and athletic ability in girls' softball games.

Pigtails and sneakers congregate on the baseball field after dinner, choose up sides, and play until eight o'clock.

Members of the boys' Watermelon League, who act as umpires, just can't keep their mind off the... game. The highlight of most games is a grand slam ---almost reaching the pitcher's mound. Homeruns? Yes, we have them too--- Usually made on three overthrows! Fielding is also an important part of the game. Unlike other teams of our calibre---the Mets, for instance---our outfield consists of more than ten people.

Reactions from others to the idea of girls playing ball are many and varied. It's been called "hilarious," "a wonderful thing," "comic," "a disaster to the boys' ego," "funny as hell." But whether we win or lose, one thing holds true: It's a lot of f



HELEN LIPSETT

Soccer

I'm always caught up in what seems like a world of my own when I manage to get involved in a game of soccer. We choose up sides and then, in an instant, turn into two hordes of savages, fiercely battling towards each other's goal, never giving an inch. For a delirious hour or so, our only concern is to smash the ball between those imposing goal posts--come what may, however we can--while we keep the enemy from making any progress in their mission.

We are sternly dedicated to a cause--the cause of the "Shirts" or of the "Skins." If you were to see us rushing to where the action is centered for a moment, kicking the ball while evading oncoming foes, and readying ourselves for almost anything, you might think that the sun had affected us. But actually, the heat doesn't bother us at all. Neither "Shirts" or "Skins" are slowed down by the 90 degree temperature.

In my defensive position, I suddenly see Sylvestre approaching me with every intent of scoring a goal. How can I stop him? If I do, I feel fulfilled as I hear encouraging words from my teammates. If I don't...well, he's a hard man to stop.

Eventually it ends, and one team emerges victorious. It doesn't damage anyone's spirits, though. We'll be ready for more letting-off hostility on the soccer field in a few days.

Pete Keepnews



FOLKSING '64



Run Come See

It was in nine-teen hund-red and twen-ty nine; let

(refrain) Run come

me see, I re - mem-ber that day pret-ty well. - It was in

see, Run come see

nine - teen hund-red and twenty nine, Run come see Je - ru - sa -

Run come see Je - ru - sa -

lem.

lem.

2. That day they were talking about a storm in the islands
Run come see, run come see
My God what a beautiful morning,*(As in the first verse,
sung at the same time as the refrain)
They were talking about a storm in the islands
Run come see, Jerusalem.
3. There were three ships leaving out the harbor
The Ethel and the Myrtle and the Pretoria *etc.
4. These ships were bound for a neighboring island
With mothers and children aboard *etc.
5. The Pretoria was out on the ocean
Rockin' from side to side *etc.
6. Then a big sea built up in the Northwest
They were out on the perilous ocean *etc.
7. My God, when the first wave it hit the Pretoria
The mothers come a-holdin' on to the children *etc.
8. My God, there were thirty-three souls on the water
Swimming and praying to the good Lord God *etc.
9. My God now George Brown he was a Captain
He shouted my children come pray *etc.
10. He said now come witness your judgement
He shouted my children come pray *etc.
11. Weep no more my children
We'll remember the day at Andros *etc.

Blood Stained Banners

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "Blood Stained Banners". The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music with lyrics and guitar chords.

Lyrics: If you want to get to heav- in' ou-er on the oth-er shore, keep out the way of the blood stained ban-ners Oh good shep-herd feed-a my sheep. One for Paul One for Si-las one for mak-in' my heart re-joice Can't you hear the lambs a-cry-in' Oh good shep-herd feed-a my sheep. If you

Chords: D, C, D(C), D, C, Em, E7, A7 Chorus, Em, F#m, G, A7, D, Em, F#m, G, D, A7, D, C, D, C.

Replace the words in asterisk with the following:

1. Fork tongued liar
2. Shot gun devil

Ramblin' Boy

He was a man — and a friend al — ways, — He stuck with
me — in the hard old days — He nev — er cared — if I had no
dough we ramb — led 'round — in the rain and snow.
Chorus
And here's to you — my ramb — lin' boy —, May all your
ram — blin' bring you joy. Here's to you, my ramb — lin'
boy, May all your ram — blin' bring you joy.

2. In Tulsa town we chanced to stray
We thought we'd try to work one day
The boss said he had room for one
Said my old pal, we'd rather bum
3. Late one night in a jungle camp
The weather it was cold and damp
He got the chills and he got 'em bad
They took the only friend I had
4. He left me here to ramble on
My ramblin' pal is dead and gone
If when we die we go somewhere
I bet you a dollar he's a-ramblin' there.

Fare Thee Well

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN
© 1963 BY BOB DYLAN

Oh it's fare-thee well, my dar-lin' true, I'm a
leav-in' in the first hour of the morn. I'm bound off
for the Bay of Mex-i-co, Or may-be the
coast of Cal-i-forn. So it's fare thee well, my own true
love, We'll meet an-oth-er day, an-oth-er time;
It's not the leav-in' that's a griev-in' me, But my
dar-lin' who's bound to stay be-hind.

2. Though the weather is against me and the wind blows hard
And the rain sheets are turning to hail
I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west
Though I'm travelin' on a path-beaten trail.
3. I will write you a letter from time to time
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too
With my head, my heart and my hands my love
I will send what I know back home to you.
4. I will tell you of the laughter and the troubles
Be they somebody else's or my own
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high
I will travel un-noticed and unknown.

The performance is finished and mighty applause rings out. The audience calls for more; they call for an encore. This summer we at Buck's Rock have often called for encores, calling not for just another song or dance, but for a deeper understanding of what we have seen and heard. We have asked "Why?" and "What does it really mean?" We have held forums to discuss current events. We have attended seminars to aid our understanding of literature and to help us create our own literature. We have come to understand that sometimes the "why" cannot be answered, or that the answer may vary. Above all, we have learned that often the answer is not as important as the act of questioning, for once we have begun to question, the performance lasts long after the final curtain.

encore!





seminars...discussions...reflections...

Poetry Seminar

Modern poetry represents to me a frightening labyrinth, a maze of subtle hints and vague classical references. As I plunge through its obscurities, I find that my ball of thread becomes more difficult to disentangle.

In this year's seminars we have dissected the virile, physical verse of Dylan Thomas and peered into the frigid imagery of Dame Edith Sitwell. In a recent discussion we delved into a grimly pessimistic poem by T.S. Eliot, "The Hollow Men."

Eliot opens with two laconic invocations: one a quotation from Conrad's Heart of Darkness, the other "a penny for the old Guy." The protagonists who inhabit Eliot's personal inferno are not damned by the taint of sin but by the insidious disease of impotence. The hollow men spend their energy in a futile cultivation of thorns, and waste their fervent prayers on fallen baals. Consequence is the ogre that guards their dungeons. Their plaintive cries ring with envy of the torments meted out to the hedonists and villains who have paid their obel and taken up permanent residence in Hades. Like Tantalus, they long for but can never summon up the guts to achieve. Consummation remains an intangible; their only legacy is a wilderness of cactus.

The bitter shafts of Eliot seem directed against a generation of Hollow Men, an era threatened by a second deluge without the determination to build an ark.



Forums

The genius of intellect burns brightly on the social hall porch on nights when we hold our forums. Campers in the audience wave their arms for attention. Listeners who aren't recognized often mutter their approval or disapproval to those sitting next to them. When the forum is over, they drift back to their bunks where the debate continues. Some campers are quiet, seeing for the first time that there is really another side to the topic that has just been debated.

Forums at Buck's Rock are held once a week at about 7:45. Members of the panel and all interested campers and counselors gather to hear each other out on topics such as "Civil Rights," "Goldwater," "African Nationalism," and "Must There Be War?" Most of the camp drifts in gradually, drawn by the sounds of growing enthusiasm and heated discussion on the porch.

Since the panel is composed of volunteers, the topics are usually drawn from the news or events which campers discuss among themselves. Hal Ewen, moderator, guides these sometimes emotional disputes and keeps the speakers from wandering from the topic. At times, he arranges for individuals directly involved in a problem to speak to the group. The evening that the forum discussed the riots in Harlem, for example, the panelists were our African students and a high school senior who lives in Harlem.

Though many questions are raised at the forums, they are not always answered. The forum, like most other activities at Buck's Rock, leaves it up to you to decide what the "right" answers are.

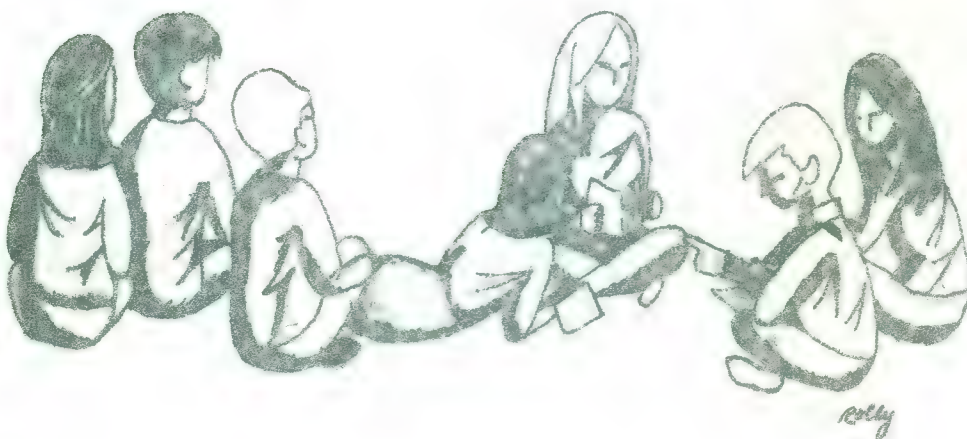
LYNN CASSER

Short Story Seminar

The seminar took place in the grove behind the Print Shop. It is cool and shady there and the ground is covered with twigs and leaves. I sat on a rock and held my copy of the story, "Young Goodman Brown," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The group was small. I was glad of this. Sitting there, breaking twigs and drawing in the dirt, I did not feel pressured to talk but could follow and listen. Goody Cloyse, pink ribbons, Faith---the names and words whirled through my mind as the story layered and unfolded and this connected to that and why had this been used. I began to wonder that anyone could write a short story or have the foresight to plan one with all its intertwining details. Had Fitzgerald really written many of his stories in three days? I cringed at my own efforts.

When I left I was laughing, laughing at the silly discussions of books we'd had in school and at my teacher who, the week before final exams, had given us five days in which to write a short story. For over an hour we had just discussed and examined "Young Goodman Brown," discovering in the process that there is no such thing as an insignificant detail in a well-constructed story. Maybe as Lou later commented, we had killed something through our discussion, the first impact of the story, but it was reborn in a new light.

JESSICA MYERS



Richard the Third Seminars

The porch is silent. The eyes of the seated campers are fixed on their copies of Richard the Third. In the background is heard the recorded voice of Richard--"Now is the winter of our discontent..." And so the evening seminars began.

The struggle between Red Rose and White Rose became so confusing to some that it reinforced their belief that Shakespeare is "impossible." Others, although bewildered by the lengthy list of relatives, listened to the recording, hoping that as the play progressed they'd be able to tell a Yorkist from a Lancastrian.

Most campers sat aghast as they heard Anne being won over by the monster Richard whose hands were still red with the blood of her husband and her father-in-law. Their own hands sweated as they heard Clarence pleading with his murderers to spare him. But, with it all, they left each seminar feeling a morbid fascination for the conscienceless, villainous Richard.

Richard's last desperate cry was heard--"A horse, a horse..." The phonograph was turned off, the record was slipped back into its case, and campers were ready for August 8th and their trip to the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford.

BETSY LIPMAN





A. FOWEN

Criticize and Create

Behind the Rec Hall, among peeling logs and patches of sand, sit a group of writers and would-be writers. Each holds a sheet of paper upon which are printed poems by Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Walt Whitman, e.e. cummings, and A.E. Housman. At present they are discussing William Carlos Williams' poem, "The Red Wheel Barrow."

So much depends
upon
a red wheel
barrow
glazed with rain
water
beside the white
chickens

A boy speaks:

"Now I'm not sure, but I believe that Williams lived and wrote at the same time that Steinbeck wrote Grapes of Wrath and Guthrie wrote Dust Bowl Ballads. To appreciate this poem you have to realize what was happening in the country then. It was in a depression, and TVA dams had not yet been built. The west was a big dust bowl. If you grew even a bad crop, it was a miracle. It was where if you didn't have this wheelbarrow the whole world suffered and you could not live without it. Williams intended to show how important things like this are."

A girl sits listening to what the boy says. Her face shows puzzlement:

"But it's just a wheelbarrow. It's not alive. It has no real value."

"But he's trying to make you care," comes the reply. "Have you ever read Steinbeck or listened to Guthrie's songs? They show the same thing. Life was hard then. He shows it in this poem by saying 'So much.'"

The discussion goes on. At the end of it, the group disperses. Each goes his separate way--some to write and some to read and understand better what they read. All leave with a clearer understanding of the functioning of ideas and images in poetry.

EDDIE GODNICK

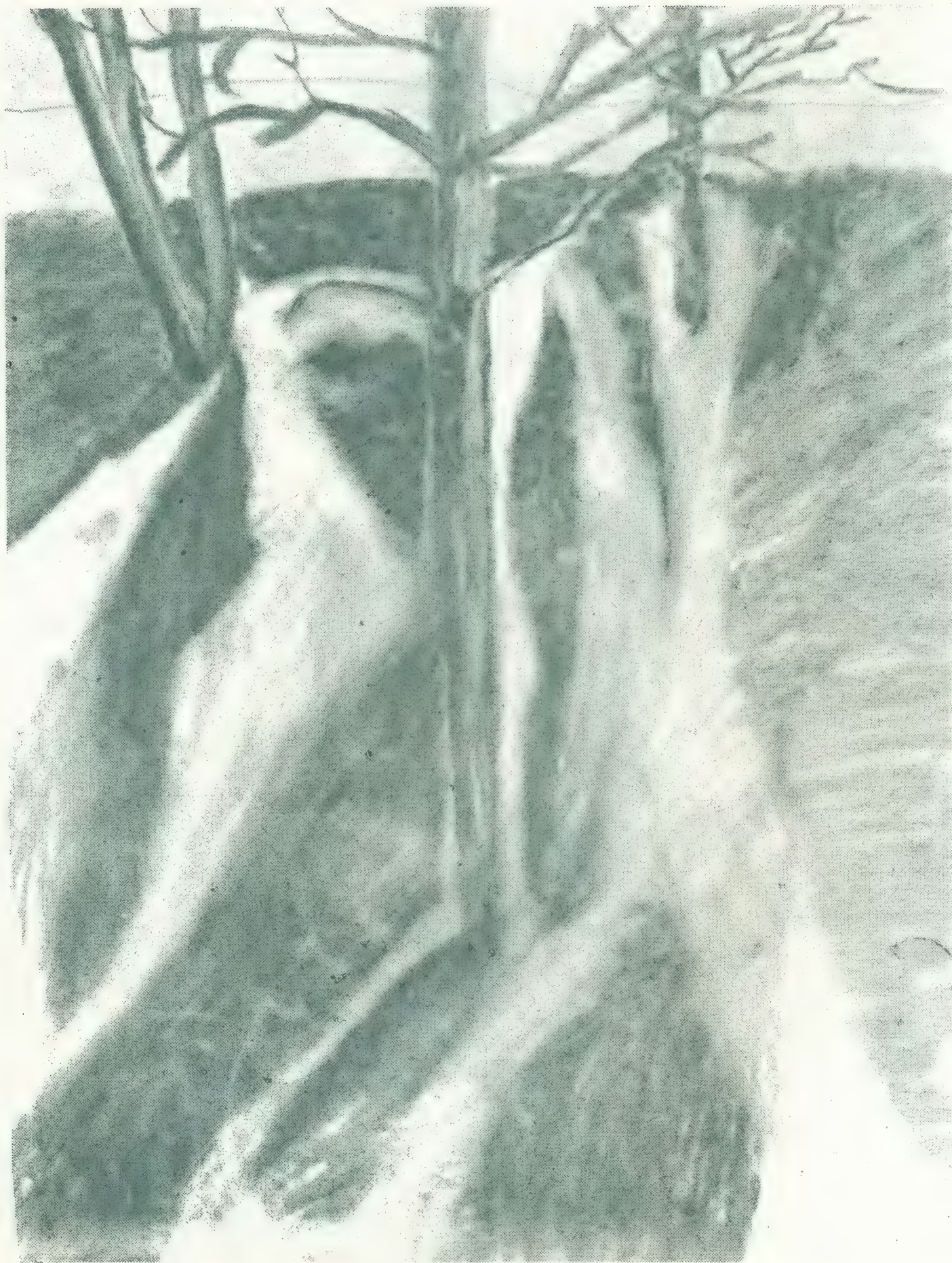
Our Guest

When Ernst announced a talk on Mississippi by John Herz, I was surprised, because I don't usually expect to find guest speakers whom I know, and delighted, because for days I had wanted to ask Andy Herz about his father's trip. Mr. Herz is a lawyer who spent two weeks in the South assisting the Mississippi Project with legal problems.

The themes of the evening were courage and cowardice, intolerable lawlessness and inevitable justice. There was Marcia Moore, booked as the clean vagrant, whose only crime was travelling in a racially mixed car; there was the anonymous southern lawyer, who shut the door so even his family wouldn't hear, and then told Mr. Herz of his sympathy for "The Movement"; and there was Mr. Herz himself, who voiced optimism and hope. Yet beneath the courage was the omnipresent sense of unashamed fear and grief for the three missing civil rights workers, especially Andy Goodman.

Pete Seeger had said, "It takes hands and hearts and minds to do it." As our speaker told how he futilely pleaded for one room in a Negro church, to be used as project headquarters, how a group rented and refurbished a shack only to be evicted six hours later, and how courageous Negro families housed the Mississippi Volunteers despite violence and economic retaliation, I began to see that "hands and hearts and minds" were needed.

TOM ROSENBAUM



Library

The continuing adventures of the Buck's Rock Public Library are worthy of Homer himself. Beginning as a small bookcase on the Social Hall porch three years ago, the library's wanderings are now approaching legendary proportions. Last year, after much planning and hesitation, a permanent home, complete with porch and library lion, was erected. But the triumph was short-lived. The silk-screening and weaving shops were also homeless, and after a massive lobbying campaign, it was decided to relegate the library to a small corner of the new building. This solution proved unsatisfactory to all concerned, and another long series of frantic conferences resulted. It was finally decided to build yet another new structure for weaving and silkscreening, leaving the old-new building for the library, as originally planned. At last it seemed that the they-all-lived-happily-ever-after stage of the story was fast approaching.

But then, with striking speed, fate again stepped in. When the new new building was completed, the Print Shop, by some devious logic yet to be fully explained, laid claim to it. Quickly recovering from this masterful coup, the Silkscreening Shop seized the old Print Shop, and the Weaving Shop gobbled up the rest of the old new building. Lost again in the shuffle was the poor, defenseless library.

Remarkably, throughout its many trials, the library has continued to function. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday night, all are invited by Hal Ewen, our head librarian, to enjoy a good book. With the capable assistance of Eric Ram, Amy Shapiro, and Sue Breslau, Hal keeps his small sanctuary alive -- and rages at Bookenile Delinquents. There is a wide variety of fiction, from Sherlock Holmes to Eustacia Vye, as well as drama, essay, biography, a selection of magazines, and a New York Times file. Still locked into three battered cabinets, the Buck's Rock Public Library is now prospering in its third year as a homeless child.

VICKI SCHER

Reflections

On June 30, I stood in Grand Central Station, feeling more fearful than glad that camp was finally here. One of my most vivid memories of the year before was standing on the social hall porch and looking in at the small groups of people engrossed in conversation. Yet, I was always afraid to join in with any of them. I longed to go home then. The city meant a chance to forget the loneliness experienced in camp. It was a place to immerse myself in the problems of school and home, to become lost in the crowds of people.

But as we waited in the station, a new atmosphere seemed to take over. People whom I only remembered as names and faces came up to me, and we talked as if we were old friends. I began to feel a new ease with people, an ease I had not felt before.

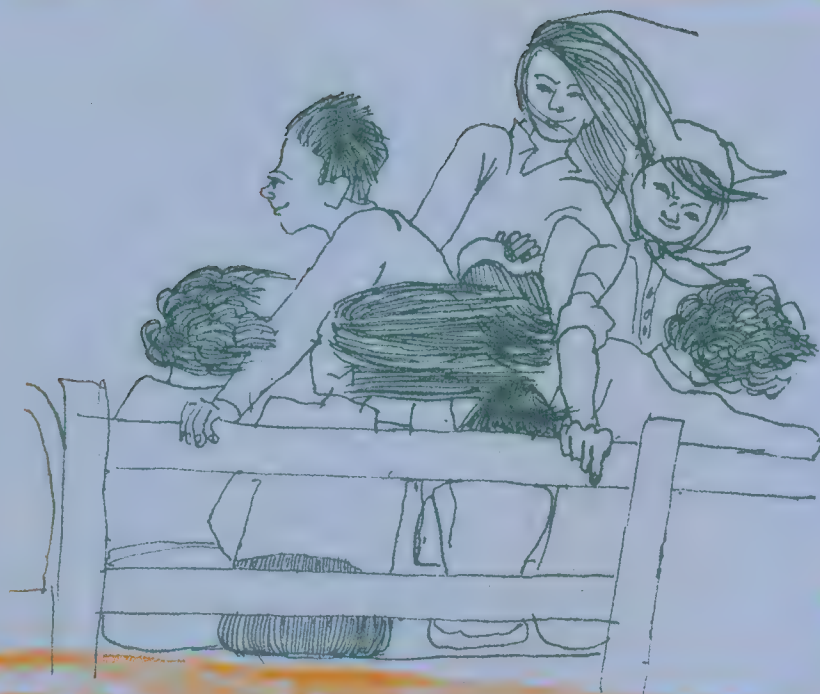
Now, six weeks later, the experiences of last summer seem unreal. The relaxed pace of camp has affected almost all of my relationships. What was a strained friendship in the city has become a comfortable, fruitful one in camp, and new friendships, which would have taken years to build at home, have been formed.

This experience is what makes Duck's Rock more than just a place to spend the summer. At home, as outside tensions become our main focus, I may become estranged from some of my camp friends. But I will, as a result of the summer, have a clearer idea of my real personality and try to maintain it despite pressures which act toward its change.

ADA FRUMERMAN

From Elizabethan times to the present, theatrical companies have packed their belongings into trunks and gone on tour, gone on to perform another play, on another stage, before another audience. So it is with all of us. We too move on to perform elsewhere. We too pack into our trunks the bits and pieces we have collected along the way. Buck's Rock has been one of these stops, but from it we will take more than "bits and pieces." We will take a deeper understanding of ourselves, a knowledge of what it means to work with others, a confidence that comes from having tested and proved our own capabilities. Wherever the road takes us next we can rely on these Buck's Rock possessions stored safely in our "trunks" to enable us to perform better.

we take to the road





pioneering...trips...farewell....

Tanglewood

The much-advertised excursion to Tanglewood commenced this summer, if you recall, on a cloudy, cool, Sunday morning. We were all worried about lying on a soggy green and not being able to hear the music over the thunder. Happily, though, the weather realized with whom it was fooling and cleared up. Of course, we had all dragged along our rain-coats and jackets, but that didn't dampen the spirits of the one-hundred and seventy-five Buck's Rockers who were inclined to make the aesthetic sojourn to Lenox.

When we boarded the buses, which came half an hour late, Harry Joelson tried to get the entire chorus onto one bus, but that maneuver failed for lack of support--especially from the driver, who nearly threw him off. And then, of course, there were those unfortunate souls who take to bus rides not like ducks to water but like tigers to tar pits. (We had boiled eggs for breakfast.)

Do you remember moving in a large herd through the gates after Ernst asked the ticket man for "175 please"? Upon entering I was struck by the beauty of Tanglewood. The trees that surround it go shooting up into the air for about twenty-five feet without a single branch, and then they almost explode with greenery. They're real modern, like the kind you see on the blueprints for a new house. Where the sun shone through their leaves, it played dancing patterns of yellow-gold on the grass below. The grass was lush, fragrant, and well-kept, in spite of the many people on the lawn.

Promptly at two-thirty the performance began. As I lay out there under an oak tree, the music seemed to drift out like the scent of flowers woven into a Hawaiian lei. It was so peaceful that I doubt I'll ever forget it.

The concert ended with the triumphant finale from Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony", one of the most exciting pieces of music I've ever heard. As I walked leisurely back to the awaiting buses, the music echoed in my ears.

PETER JOSEPH

Stratford

Having read Richard III and discussed it at seminars, we went to see the production at the American Shakespeare Festival. The Stratford players highlighted the play's strengths and limitations. Richard, the only character revealed completely by Shakespeare, was played much more effectively than the others. The play begins as he crawls around the stage, in complete darkness, like the bottled spider he is said to be. Throughout the first three acts he is dressed in a deep, malevolent black. But once he gains the throne, his characterization changes appropriately. Dressed in red, he tries to strut about the stage, but succeeds only in hobbling. The red cloak, a pathetic attempt to mask his blackness, only mocks his deformity. He looks even more like a fiend now, and occasionally the black brace that is wrapped around his crippled leg can be seen.

The lines, "A horse, a horse. My kingdom for a horse!" were well-directed, a hush filling the empty stage. The voice screaming from the pit brought home Richard's tragedy. For, in reality, Richard's mighty empire was now worth no more than a horse. Built upon a foundation of uninhibited evil, it crumbled when that foundation gave way. As an unmerciful monster, Richard was a mighty monarch, but once inflicted by pangs of conscience, he becomes a ranting and pathetic cripple. Having gone one step too far, he destroys himself before others can destroy him. The tragedy is inevitable, and we welcome it with a sigh of relief.

The other characters, as drawn by Shakespeare, are shallow and the performance did little for them. The stilted lines of the children were acted poorly and were barely audible. Shakespeare's lamenting women in the first act were hardly convincing.

The production fit too well the contours of the play. Neither very good nor very bad, it rose and fell with Shakespeare's lines, adding little to them. Yet in any production, the tragedy of Richard must remain a fascinating commentary on human evil. For Richard, like all men, is caught between good and evil. Incapable of good, yet unable completely to renounce conscience, he founders and drowns in the nothingness of his own soul.

FRED BRANDFON



Yale And The Atheneum

Whether on the cold, wet seat of a truck or on the soft reclining seat of a bus, our purpose remained the same: to see art and architectural beauty. On our first trip we went to New Haven, where we visited Yale University. Yale, from an architectural standpoint, is a campus of extremes. Its buildings range from Victorian Gothic to Modern, from complexity to simplicity. Our visit to its school of architecture and art was a fascinating experience.

Three weeks later we were off again-- this time by bus to visit Hartford. Here we saw all types of architecture, from the giant, high Victorian State Capitol, to a sky-scraping modern business plaza built high above the city streets. But perhaps the most impressive part of the trip was our visit to the Wadsworth Atheneum. The Atheneum, which houses art works that are centuries old, has an air of historical beauty.

From the very old, we returned again to the very new-- some beautiful office buildings perched high on a hill with rolling farm land flanking them on either side. The wide open architecture complemented the wide open surroundings to form the perfect union of man and nature. This was the future, and suddenly, we were a part of it. Yet we had become a part of the past as well. For from the Atheneum to the plaza, from Yale to the State Capitol, we had gained a better knowledge of architecture -- where we were going and where we had come from.

ROLF DIAMANT

Canoe Trip

Canoe trips mean many things: The quiet of a lake early in the morning as the mist clears; the relaxed tempo of paddles moving through the water, a welcome change from the hurry of camp; the warm sun on a bare back; the thrill of crossing the wake of a speed boat and facing the not unwelcome danger of capsizing.

And then there is the food. Anticipating the pleasures ahead, we quickly build a fire and cook the corn, steaks, and potatoes. There follow the long twenty minutes spent anxiously savoring the aroma of the food as it cooks. But when the meal is finally ready, the hard work and the long wait seem only to add to the flavor.

After lunch, we stretch out on the beach to get some sun, and then take a dip in the lake to cool off. Finally, it is time to leave, and the long trip back is just tiring enough to make us appreciate the work.

We load the canoes on the trucks. There's the ride back and then only sunburns and memories to show for the day.

STEVE ROSENTHAL





Overnight Hike

After a long and windy truck ride, we entered Housatonic State Park, the site of our overnight hike. The large park was very beautiful, with a fast and narrow river flowing through it. While choosing an area to camp in, we toured the park, which was occupied by many tents and trailers. Once we chose a spot, we set up our sleeping bags, tents, and other necessities, and were free to enjoy the area.

There were many interesting things to do before dinner. Some of us sketched the beautiful scenery. We needed wood for the cooking fire, and since we lacked coal and cut lumber, we had to cut down a tree with a small hatchet. Cooking was done over a stone-built fire place. The tree we had cut supplied us with ample fuel. Each of us felt a bit of satisfaction as we ate the delicious steak.

We all enjoyed the twilight. Leaving the campsite for a short time, we took a walk by the river. How pleasant life was here! All kinds of tall green trees stood beside the cool river. Before turning back we stopped off at a store to buy some ice-cream sodas. Upon returning to the campsite, we were all sufficiently tired to fall asleep immediately.

When morning came, we were up and eager to finish our work. After cooking and eating breakfast (without plates), we were free to spend our time as we wished. Most of the group went swimming in the river. Others of us continued to explore the area and admire its beauty. We found a perfect spot for reading at the riverbank. At noon, we headed back for camp.

MARVIN RUDERMAN

We Remember

What a Shane!

Jenny starring in THE BALD SOPRANO

snack for 102 in the leather shoppe

How to Win a New Shop (self sacrifice)
BRAND NEW Weaving and Silkscreen Shop

R
A
C
U
L
A

S
tewart's PURPLE
hands...

Feh

SIFF AND ROBERTS storm
Washington (pockets full of
irradiated silver dollars)

SUNNY Wednesday night
the boys annex f

I
o
o
d

Roman Holiday
during
Desperate Hours

Kornfeld turns Happy
with Merry and Jane in April

FID---blue cards

Our beautiful new stage

CKFC

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Feh

Who stole my bell?

\$15
plus
tax

3f's and D

HE X
S O L
Y O
MB

Half Clap and a hum-m-m...

I
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I
S

Monica and Tommie and SPEARMINT LEAVES

Ahhhhhh...beep...beep

Sylvestre's
15 draggers...

alumni visits
(every weekend)

cultural exchanges with Camp Wahnee
Mr. Pol flushes his regards

Dammit, the Beavers!
(aa-ooooooooooooo!)

when Richard III gave
his kingdom for a calf

FEH

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New Milford
CANNOTNECK

Beaver hats
Beatle hats
Bent hats
Cowboy hats
Danbury hats

Hedda Hopper
watch out

The new Print Shop and
vibrating floors

bombing of the Chinese Wall

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Introducing the
Beatles!

Ringo Bulova

T
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W
o
o
d
s

Trans Atlantic Rag

Rain

The Power Lines

A cleaner Buck's Rock is up to you!



Epilogue

Yes, and so what? Here you are in the back seat of dad's 1963 Cadillac, wriggling and squirming, working your rear further into the comforts of civilization. Yes, and so what? So, upon settling back luxuriously, you take a deep sigh, throw a quick glance at mom and dad in the front seat, and then you try to concentrate upon the lovely Connecticut scenery. But you don't see a single tree, not even a single Connecticut shrub. You don't see a single solitary thing because one extravagant panorama of the summer rolls drunkenly through your mind. And you think yes, now I am going home. "It's " over and so what? So maybe you've found that unquenchable void, that barren, bottomless pit within you just a bit more filled. Sure you've created; mother clutches feverishly her new mahogany bowl. But your void has been filled not because you've created nor by the memory of Buck's Rock but by a new goodness you feel about yourself and the friendships you've formed, and because you've discovered at Buck's Rock ideas that will live with you---that are even now a living part of you. So perhaps life's a little more right now.



You and your friends are cordially invited to attend the

festival

buck's rock 1964

Saturday, August 22, 1964 from noon 'till eleven p.m.

All Day..... exhibition of work done in our shops
in the social hall

science lab exhibit

art exhibit in the recreation hall and
in the dance and music studio

ALL DAY..... farm and shop selling at stands
AND
EVENING

1:00 p.m..... finals of tennis tournament

1:00 p.m..... demonstration broadcast of WBBC

1:30 p.m..... display and judging of farm animals

2:00 p.m..... gala concert at the new stage

orchestra

chorus and madrigal

dance recital

folkdance and folksong performance

5:00 p.m..... fencing exhibition at badminton court

5:30 p.m..... folk and square dance demonstrations at
badminton court
songfest led by buck's rock folksingers

6:15 p.m..... dinner will be served to all our guests

8:00 p.m..... buck's rock summer theatre presents Henrik
Ibsen's norwegian classic "Peer Gynt"
at the new stage



Our Angels

Boys

David Appleby	750 Kappock St Bx NY	K19-9085	12/4
Aries Arditi	10 Ridgecrest N Scarsdale, NY 10583	SC3-8303	3/16
Ricky Arkell	72 Barrow St NY 14 NY	OR5-2438	6/11
Richard Bentley	24 N King St Malverne, NY	LY3-8027	3/20
Barry Bermet	800 Ave H Bklyn NY	GE4-1723	1/3
Paul Bookbinder	84-20 Midland Pkwy Jam NY 11432	RE9-1147	10/9
Michael Bortniker	56 Wellington Ave W Orange NJ	736-2872	3/28
Steven Braff	127 Park Ave Eastchester NY 10707	WO1-4791	5/9
John Bressler	200 Parker Rd Elizabeth NJ 07208	EL5-3613	4/25
Harry Brick	1453 Hudson Rd Teaneck NJ	TE6-4013	11/21
Steven Brodtkin	4430 Reenondon Montreal Canada	RE3-2949	3/8
Robert Brumberger	430 Kensington Teaneck NJ	TE3-0311	9/29
Robert Buchalter	112 Benegyfield Dr. E Williston NY	DI2-4381	8/21
Clifford Burke	71 Chestnut St Malverne NY	LY3-6451	7/7
Michael Calmenson	135 Ocean Ave Bklyn NY 25	BU4-2422	8/27
Mitchell Chalfin	18 Locust Dr Great Neck NY	HU7-7730	3/19
Edward Cohen	517 Redwood St Harrisburg Penn	564-0308	8/26
David Deifik	75-26 189 St Flushing NY 11366	SP6-1608	6/30
Joel Deifik	75-26 189 St Flushing NY 11366	SP6-1608	11/19
Rolf Diamant	145 Altamont Ave Tarrytown NY	ME1-2585	3/3
Tony Doniger	26 Wildwood Dr Great Neck NY	HU7-1222	2/16
Mark Dresner	104-59 107 St Ozone Pkwy	VI3-8987	6/8
Howard Ehrenfeld	409 Pinebrook Blvd New Rochelle NY	NE3-7428	5/20
Corky Ehrlich	Cutler Rd Greenwich Conn	TO9-9427	10/12
Marc Eisen	15 Shorewood Dr Sands Point NY	TU3-9532	11/25
Robert Epstein	99-5165 Rd Forest Hills NY 11375	TW6-3808	9/11
David Ewen	326 Broadway Massapequa Park NY	L11-2507	3/9
Tommy Finkleblatt	5 Park Ave NY NY	CLO-0174	3/13
Nicky Fisher	227-06 Stronghurst Ave Queens Vill NY	NYHO4-4777	4/29
Douglas Forrest	205 West End Ave NY NY 10023	TR7-3951	4/19
Mark Fox	64-39 98 St Forest Hills NY 11374	IL9-1128	12/13
David Freedman	65 Oriental Blvd Bklyn NY 35	NI6-0452	6/24
Dan Friedman	7408 Woodlawn Ave Phila PA 19126	ME5-3750	1/5
Kenneth Friedman	33-05 90 St Jackson Heights Qu NY 72	OL1-2735	2/19

Bill Geiger	32 Tamarack Way, Pleasantville NY	RO9-2691	5/1
Gilbert Geldon	33 Perth Ave New Rochelle NY	NE2-5676	5/15
Paul Gellers	65-09 99St Forest Hills NY 11374	TW7-8151	5/20
Bart Gershbein	1620 Ocean Ave Bklyn NY	CI8-3454	4/26
Mike Glasser	5 Cherry Lane Great Neck NY	HU2-5918	1/30
Edward Godnick	432 E63 St NY NY 10021	TE8-3521	9/20
Jeff Gold	7 Arthur Circle, Chester 19013 PA	TR2-7278	1/15
Andrew Gollup	13 10 Fayette St. Teaneck 07666 NJ	TE6-3660	3/24
Roy Goodman	42 Wildwood Lane Roslyn Hts NY	MA1-7810	4/7
Andrew Gordon	449 Windsor Rd River Edge NJ	CO2-0780	6/5
Peter Gordon	23 Raynor Rd Norristown NJ	JE8-3552	4/1
Peter Gorski	72 E Hudson St Long Beach NY	GE1-5487	4/12
Ben Grabe	17 E 96 St NY NY	HA7-1422	11/17
Julie Hantman	5 Wilbur Dr Great Neck NY	HU7-3870	12/18
Morton Hantman	5 Wilbur Dr Great Neck NY	HU7-3870	3/11
Peter Herbst	473 Poplar Lane E Meadow NY	IU9-7852	12/17
Steve Horowitz	218-17 Grand Central Pkwy 11427 NY	HO4-2761	6/10
Bill Horwitz	750 Kappock St NY 10463	K18-4221	9/11
David Jacobson	22 Fenimore Rd Scarsdale NY	SC5-1814	4/12
David Kane	3162 Birch Dr Wantagh 11793 NY	SU5-0723	11/12
Danny Katz	8 Margaret St Great Neck NY	HU7-6734	2/1
Peter Keepnews	77 W 85 St NY 10024 NY	TR7-4981	7/5
Michael Kempster	1143 5 Ave NY 10028 NY	SA2-2129	11/25
Steve Klapper	206 Hampton Ave Bklyn 11235 NY	NI6-4069	4/6
Mark Kleinman	67-84 Groton St Queens 11375 NY	BO8-4251	11/12
Charles Kresberg	47 Clover Lane Roslyn Hts 11577 NY	621-5733	4/18
Richard Lawrence	812 Park Avenue NY 10021 NY	BU8-1556	6/27
Lawrence Lifschultz	220 Hommocks Rd Larchmont NY	TE4-3142	8/10
Mark Mandel	390 W End Ave NY NY 10025	TR4-7905	11/22
Donny Marcus	105 Gold Place Malverne 11565	LY3-9493	11/2
Peter Markham	9 Oakley Lane E Williston NY 11596	PI2-9307	7/11
Mike Marks	117 W 11 St NY NY 10011	WA9-3860	1/1
Ricky Maslow	71 Glenview Rd S Orange NJ 07079	SO3-1183	10/6
John Melnicoff	3 Asbury Ave Melrose Pk Pa 19126	ME5-3368	12/20
Lawrence Miller	73-17 173 St Flushing 66 Queens NY	JA6-8271	3/13
Paul Miller	3970 Hillman Ave Bx 63 NY	K18-4611	6/16
Bobby Mittleman	323 Oxford Rd New Rochelle NY	NE2-8888	6/9

Pete Moskowitz	835 Clarkson Ave Bklyn3 NY	SL6-2922	3/26
Carl Niederman	229 W Tremont Ave Bx53 NY	CY9-1145	10/4
Dennis Osrow	10 Catalina Dr Great Neck NY	HU7-8130	9/21
Eugene Packer	76 Kingsley Dr Yonkers NY10710	SP9-4487	6/5
Bob Polskin	82 Myrtle Ave N Plainfield NJ	PI5-7218	5/1
Paul Poresky	2615 Washington St Allentown Pa18104	HE2-8493	10/27
Eric Ram	205 W End Ave NY NY10023	TR7-0990	6/4
Arnold Rather	1855 E 13 St Bklyn 29 NY	NI5-1214	12/19
Peter Reynolds	290 W 234 St Bx NY10463	KI8-1964	11/19
Jonathan Rose	161 W 86 St NY NY10024	EN2-4970	10/17
Richard Rose	161 W 86 St NY NY10024	EN2-4970	4/23
Thomas Rosenbaum	22 Woodbine Ave Larchmont NY10538	TE4-0345	11/20
Martin Rosenblum	1325 E 7 St Bklyn NY	ES7-8362	1/25
Lewis Rosenstein	67-66 108 St Forest Hills NY	LI4-1356	1/7
Steve Rosenthal	8 Pebble Lane Roslyn Hts NY11577	MA1-3534	3/17
Robert Rosenwasser	144-45 70 Rd Queens NY	LI4-6354	1/15
Marvin Ruderman	37 Shore Pk Rd Great Neck NY	HU7-9875	2/5
Donald Rudolf	203 W End Ave NY NY10023	TR7-9985	3/13
Eric Sabinson	67-62 Selfridge St Forest Hills75	LI4-6378	2/15
Jeff Sands	100 Fort Washington Ave NY32 NY	VA7-0030	9/13
Mike Sawyer	84 Dover St Bklyn NY11235	DC2-9067	4/3
Mark Schenker	691 Lenox Rd Bklyn NY11203	PR4-8024	4/28
Brian Scherzer	16 Renfrew Ave Westmount6 Quebec	HU9-8491	2/24
Mark Schlitten	159 Beach 138 St Belle Harbor NY	NE4-1744	2/18
Edwin Schloss	863 Park Ave NY10021	YU8-3575	8/16
Alexander Seldin	285 Central Pk West NY10024	TR3-3431	12/7
David Shapero	34 Hubbard Ave Stamford Conn	348-2938	10/13
Harvey Shapiro	55 E 9 St NY NY10003	CA8-3138	8/3
Dean Sheppard	40 Carriage Lane Roslyn Hts NY11577	MA1-6515	6/13
Gene Shwalb	30 Northstar Dr Morristown NJ	JE8-6730	2/27
Paul Shyman	2340 Voorhies Ave Bklyn NY11235	SH3-3860	6/10
Steven Sissman	21 Edgewater Cliffside NJ	WH3-0187	6/10
Jon Spingarn	3212 McKinley St NW Washington DC	EM3-2431	10/5
Karl Springer	370 W 255 St Bx NY10471	KI9-6751	10/20
Clifford Strachman	27 Southern Rd Hartsdale NY10530	OW3-0130	2/17
Paul Susman	3 William St Great Neck NY	HU2-2452	3/20

Laurence Traiman
Gary Tutin

130-05 229 St Laurelton NY11413
577 Mayfair Dr S Bklyn NY11234

LA8-2819 6/7
CL1-6074 5/21

David Weinstein
Joshua Weinstein
Andy Weiss
Steven Weiss
John Wild
Jeffrey Wollman

24 Lafayette Dr Woodmere NY
24 Lafayette Dr Woodmere NY
3 Stuyvesant Oval NY9 NY
385 Argyle Rd Bklyn NY
147 Deerfield Lane Pleasantville NY
360 W 55 St NY NY

FR4-0281 3/19
FR4-0281 4/8
SP7-0743 12/20
IN9-1264 6/11
RO9-4686 12/30
CI6-8632 10/11

Richard Zahler
Lee Zlotoff
Paul Zlotoff
Michael Zuckerman

80 Lotus Oval N NY NY
181 B 129 St Belle Harbor NY11694
181 B 129 St Belle Harbor NY11694
39 South Drive Great Neck NY

PY1-5668 6/8
NE4-437T 4/29
NE4-4371 2/19
HU7-8129 5/12

Girls

Marjorie Adler	459 Rugby Rd Bklyn 26 NY	BU7-3702 4/26
Shelley Adolph	60 White Oak St New Rochelle NY 10801	NE6-1886
Robin Bartlett	924 West End Ave NY NY 10025	MO2-7325 4/22
Ann Barysh	Chestnutland Rd New Milford Conn	EL4-5420 3/6
	Cambridge School of Weston, Weston Mass	
Susan Bassuk	141-50 Grand Cent Pkwy Jam 35 NY	JA3-1868 11/5
Karen Berley	34 Sherwood La Roslyn Hts NY	MA1-6443 3/28
Ellen Berman	67-30 Dartmouth St Forest Hills 11375	BC1-7790 7/30
Donna Bernstein	13 Jordan Dr Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-2805 10/14
Linda Bernstein	13 Jordan Dr Great Neck NY 11021	HU7-2805 7/25
Jane Berylson	225 E 70 St NY NY 10021	LE5-1093 9/1
Pelli Bijur	502 Orienta Ave Mamaroneck NY	OW8-5028 6/1
Vendy Blakeman	179 Pembroke St Bklyn NY 11235	NI6-6249 12/1
Judy Breslau	64-58 232 St Bayside NY 11364	BA9-0870 5/27
Susan Breslau	196-14 51 Ave Flushing NY 11365	BA4-4110 5/24
Trudy Broffman	117 Glenwood Ave Leonia NJ	WI4-5654 7/1
Jane Brooks	67-26 Ingram St Forest Hills 75 NY	BO3-0538 5/15
Margot Browning	13 Leslie Rd Eastchester NY 10709	SP9-7369 3/14
Liz Burrows	2121 Westbury Ct. Bklyn 25 NY 11225	BU2-7825 9/1
Tony Carr	110 Haverstraw Rd Suffern NY	EL7-2265 12/10
Lynn Carter	26 Arbor Rd Roslyn Hgts NY 11577	MA1-7599 7/26
Lynn Casser	28 Berkeley Dr Tenafly NJ	LO8-9334 6/5
Wendie Cohen	77 Merrivale Rd Great Neck NY	HU2-2943 2/4
Leslie Coleman	7 Hunting Ridge Rd Stamford Conn	322-5849 3/29
Barbara Cooper	56-37 Cloverdale Blvd Bayside NY	BA4-3154 6/2
Diane DeSimone	5424 Arlington Ave NY NY 10471	K19-8681 12/1
Isabel Eisen	87-11 63 Dr Rego Park 74 NY	HA9-5406 2/9
Sarah Engler	2004 East 4 St Bklyn NY 11223	DE9-3221 11/25
Susan Evans	370 1 Ave NY NY	GR5-7262 7/7
Donna Feigin	120 E 87 St NY NY 10028	AT9-7387 6/7
Patty Freeman	12 Hemlock Dr Great Neck NY 11024	HU7-1097 5/19
Nancy Friedman	33-05 90 St NY NY	OLI-2735 5/1

Joan Goldberg	155 Longvue Terrace Yonkers NY 10710	SP9-3188	8/31
Debby Goldfarb	530 West End Ave NY NY 10024	SU7-3852	2/12
Mura Goldfarb	4216 80 St Elmhurst NY 11373	IL8-4276	3/9
Carol Goldsmith	440 East 23 St NY NY 10010	AL4-9408	3/27
Kathy Goos	3 Rural Dr Scarsdale NY	GR2-2341	1/15
Susan Griss	150-67 Village Rd Jamaica 32 NY	AX1-3383	8/9
Eva Gumprecht	225 West 86 St NY NY 10024	SU7-7573	12/12
Marcelo Gurfield	3215 Netherland Ave Bronx NY	K13-0960	4/13
Amy Handler	430 East 86 St NY NY 10028	RE4-2476	9/12
Barbara Herman	64-33 99 St Rego Park NY 11374	IL9-0237	6/4
Karen Hersh	305 West 86 St NY NY 10024	LY5-0064	8/17
Donna Isaacson	67-36B 186 Lane Flushing NY 11365	RE9-1239	3/2
Ann Jacoby	8 Parkside Court Bklyn NY 11226	IND-8631	1/12
Jane Joseph	261 Prince Ave Freeport NY 11520	FR8-1204	4/20
Judy Kalinkowitz	250 I Ave NY NY 10009	OR7-0627	10/24
Jan Kanigher	2060 Anthony Ave Bronx NY 10457	TR2-2893	1/20
Ellin Kardiner	1100 Park Ave NY NY 10028	AT9-5442	10/26
Haddie Karr	70 Barrow St NY NY 10014	CH2-2295	4/11
Jane Katz	300 E Palisade Ave Englewood NJ	LO9-5355	1/23
Amity Kaye	82-25 209 St Queens Village NY 11427	HO8-1648	11/22
Lisa Kayne	25 Central Park West NY NY 10023	CO5-2898	2/14
Barbara Kempster	1148 Fifth Ave NY NY 10028	SA2-2129	6/22
Jackie Keveson	314 E 201 St Bronx NY 10458	FO7-9642	10/21
Barbara Lande	325 Central Park West NY NY 10025	AC2-0844	10/9
Donna Lane	3985 Gouverneur NY NY 10463	K13-9251	8/3
Marlon Lansky	83-30 263 St Floral Park Queens NY 11004	F17-8958	4/18
Francine Lapan	535 E 86 St NY NY 10028	RE7-6852	7/9
Victoria Lawrence	502 N Brookside Ave Freeport NY 11520	FR8-4447	7/28
Joan Lederer	09-18 66 Ave Rego Park NY 11379	TW7-3049	10/26
Judy Lesser	45 E 82 St NY NY 10028	UNI-2111	2/12
Jane Lev	2040 E 59 St Bklyn NY 11234	CL3-7793	6/18
Wendy Levin	60 Turner Place Bklyn NY 11218	BU2-1303	5/19
Laura Levine	88 Ridge Park Ave Stamford Conn	322-2051	12/10
Joan Lipton	521 Rutland Ave Teaneck NJ 07666	TE3-0437	8/25
Helen-Elizabeth Lipsett	403 Farview Ave Paramus NJ 07652	CO1-1818	7/7
Lisa Loomer	1102 Park Ave NY NY	TE1-0419	5/2
Betsy Lipman	181-14 Aberdeen Rd, Jamaica, NY 11132	AX7-1242	7/14

Sue Miller	73/17 173 St Qu NY	JA6-8271 5/1
Monica Moddlestone	19 Fairview Ave Levittown NY	IX1-2073 4/23
Steffi Moerman	23 Candy La Roslyn Hts NY	MA1-5497 12/7
Lynn Oettinger	565 West End Ave NY NY10024	SC4-3759 7/30
Ellen Ogintz	588 Maddon La E Meadow NY11554	IV6-3281 5/2
Claire Oppenheimer	1926 E 23 St Bklyn NY	NI5-0693 11/20
Arlene Paley	15 Woodland Pl Great Neck NY11021	HU7-7749 1/21
Janet Paley	335 Willets Rd Roslyn Hts NY	MA1-7186 4/3
Lois Paster	1012 Ocean Ave Bklyn NY11226	UL9-0809 6/30
Cara Perlman	29 Benedict Ave Eastchester NY	WO1-2729 9/20
Joan Poll	145 E 92 St NY10028	AT9-8835 3/18
Janet Pomerantz	3 Hampton Ct Great Neck NY11020	HU7-3849 10/16
Phyllis Popper	77 Lotus Oval S Valley Stream NY	PY1-8515 1/21
Marsha Queen	1348 E 26 St Bklyn NY11210	ES7-1101 1/17
Joyce Ravid	2746 Sedgwick Ave NY63 NY10463	NI3-3330 11/11
Margie Reasenberg	277 Rugby Rd Bklyn NY11226	IN9-7839 3/2
Melanie Ress	45 E 9 St NY NY 10003	AL4-1846 11/2
Nina Rosenblum	21-36 33 Rd LIC NY11106	RA6-8928 9/20
Jane Rosengarten	22 Shadetree La Roslyn Hts NY	MA1-4753 1/10
Rena Rosenwasser	144-45 70 Rd Flushing 67 NY	LI4-6354 1/19
Kathy Sabel	612 Wayfield Rd Wynnewood Pa	MI2-4814 6/12
Susan Sandler	75 Mt Hope Ave Providence RI 02906	K16-5004 6/13
Peggy Sapir	4655 Grosvenor Ave Riverdale 71 NY	FL2-8450 10/13
Pat Saunders	15 Maple Drive West NY	GL4-8650 5/10
Vicki Scher	67-00 192 St Flushing NY11365	HU7-7888 2/13
Beryl Schulman	23 Somerset Dr N Great Neck NY	DE7-5797 3/24
Susan Schwartz	19 Huron Rd Yonkers NY10710	AR5-0434 11/15
Arlene Selvern	516 New Hyde Park Rd New Hyde Pk NY	TR7-0269 3/7
Nina Seymann	150 W 87 St NY NY10024	
Laura Shapiro	56 Willey Ave Liberty NY	LI 1838 8/18
Ami Shapiro	156 W 86 St NY NY10024	TR4-1137 5/9
Lisa Shreve	306 Crestview Circle Media Pa	LO6-0929 5/10
Lois Siegelbaum	13 Lawrence St New Hyde Park NY	FL4-6058 8/6
Nina Silk	1264 Rhineland Ave Bronx NY10461	TA8-8897 10/29
Jennifer Sookne	188-34 87 Dr Hollis NY11423	HO5-5390 5/14
Amy Spain	969 Park Ave NY NY	SC5-2460 1/13

Stacey Sperling	58 Maple Dr Great Neck NY 11020	HU7-6642	3/29
Tobie Sperry	5A Governors Ct Great Neck NY	HU7-7743	8/1
Elizabeth Stamm	7 Fieldstone Rd Rye NY	WO7-4991	9/25
Peggy Steckler	50 Gerrian Rd New Rochelle NY	NE2-4557	12/9
Sally Stein	147 Brite Ave Scarsdale NY	SC3-0342	7/20
Toby Stern	75 Dorchester Dr Manhasset NY	MA7-3132	10/4
Nancy Stevens	83 Shepherd La Roslyn Heights NY	MA1-4493	3/31
Susan Tabbat	6 Richbell Close Scarsdale NY	SC5-4669	6/20
Jane Tavalin	647 E 14 St NY NY 10009	OR7-3470	3/28
Jessica Traiman	130-05 229 St Laurelton NY	LA8-2819	1/29
Rolly Tunick	183 Sterling Rd Harrison NY 10528	WO7-2549	6/2
Lisa Wanderman	350 First Ave NY NY	GR5-1629	9/4
Emilie Warwick	817 Pleasant Hill Rd Chester Pa	TR2-5012	4/4
Barbara Weinberger	5430 Netherland Ave Bronx NY	K19-8075	10/5
Emily Weiner	20 Laurel Pl Eastchester NY	SW3-6585	5/20
Judy Weiss	34 Aberfoyle Rd New Rochelle NY	NE3-7632	11/19
Bonnie Weissman	1726 E 7 St Bklyn NY 11223	ES5-0390	4/11
Rebecca White	1165 Park Ave NY 28 NY	AT9-6977	7/24
Flora Whitelaw	35 Sterling Rd Harrison NY	WO7-4179	12/8
Anita Zack	901 Washington Ave Bklyn NY 11225	NE8-7551	3/24
Amy Zolif	37 Village Rd Roslyn Heights NY	MA1-5283	5/30

COT Boys

Stephen Bloom Fred Brandfon	195 Claremont Ave NY10027 84-03 168 Pl Jamaica32 NY	MO3-0637 RE9-0036	5/24 12/3
Jeff Chester	33 Huntington Drive Yonkers NY10704	BE7-0216	5/11
Bruce Dancis Paul David Andrew Dennis	2140 E Tremont Ave Bronx NY10462 8 Knoll La Roslyn Hts NY11577 51 Grandview Blvd Yonkers NY10710	TA2-0286 MA1-1876 SP9-7560	5/14 6/12 4/7
David Fine Lew Frisch	1284 Fayette St Teaneck NJ07666 196 B 142 St Neponsit NY11694	TE6-1896 634-7171	6/10 4/16
Douglas Gladstone David Goldenberg Ken Goldstrom Andy Gowa	5 Brookview Ter Hillsdale NJ07642 1374 E 23 St Bklyn NY 138 Berrian Rd New Rochelle NY10804 1673 E 28 St Bklyn NY11229	664-4335 ES7-2996 NE2-4956 CL2-4108	6/16 5/26 5/17 11/6
Martin Holsinger	2717 Colonial Ave Kettering 19 Ohio		8/17
Carl Jacobson Harry Joelson Peter Joseph	22 Fenimore Rd Scarsdale NY Blair Academy Blairstown NJ07825 159 Derrom Ave Paterson NJ07504 261 Prince Ave Freeport NY11520	SC5-1814 525-1132 FR8-6010	8/24 4/21 4/19
Ira Klemons	200 Corbin Pl Bklyn NY11235	TW1-1085	9/6
Jon Lawrence Jerry Lichtman Charles Linker	502 N Brookside Ave Freeport NY11520 215 W 90 St NY10024 39 Carthage Rd Scarsdale NY	FR8-4447 TR7-8750 SC3-4122	12/31 8/15 7/22
Sandy Naishtat Scott Newrock Richard Nowogrodski	40-10 44 St LIC 4 NY 8 Charles La Port Chester NY 895 West End Ave NY10025	ST6-4225 WE7-5327 MO2-2576	1/28 11/14 3/2

Alan Orling Peter Orville	69 Shelter La Roslyn Hts NY 29 Shadow La Great Neck NY11021	MA1-4792 7/31 HU7-728 0 1/26
Steve Rosenbush Adam Rowen Edward Rubin	3720 Bedford Ave Bklyn NY11229 190 Surrey Rd Hillside NJ07205 1680 Ocean Ave Bklyn NY11230	DE8-4237 5/10 EL3-7879 8/27 CL2-2727 6/21
Howard Schoenfeld Marc Schulkind Robert Spitzer Mark Stewart Steven Sweet	198 Myrtle Dr Great Neck NY 179-06 75 Ave Flushing66 NY 235 Amherst St Bklyn NY11235 48 Club Dr Roslyn Hts NY 165 West End Ave NY10023	HU7-3709 4/17 RE9-6834 2/21 DE2-7672 6/11 MA1-3990 4/14 TR7-8126 12/6
David Tabbat Peter Tavalin	6 Richbell Close Scarsdale NY 647 E 14 St NY10009	SC5-4669 5/12 OR7-3470 7/1

COT Girls

Janet Blaustein	7324 Ridge Blvd Bklyn NY11209	TE6 6529	6/4
Anne Ehrlich	15 Park Rd Scarsdale NY		10/21
Jane Evans	370 First Ave NY NY	GR5 7262	9/19
Joanie Flamm	14 E 91 St Bklyn NY	PR3 5619	4/17
Shola Friedensohn	43-44 149St Flushing55 NY	LE9 4549	11/26
Ada Frumerman	21-71 34 Ave Long Island City6 NY	YE2 3665	11/3
Karen Glasser	5 Cherry Lane Great Neck NY11024	HU2 1456	5/15
Marl Green	737 Downing St Teaneck NJ	TE6 1199	9/24
Bobbie Handler	440 Kensington Rd Teaneck NJ07666	TE7 6480	8/24
Sylvia Kay	1 Sycamore Lane Roslyn Heights NY	MA1 2868	4/15
Nana Koch	67-38 108St Forest Hills NY	BO3 8526	5/9
Jessica Myers	10707 Weymouth St Garrett Pk Md	WH2 5861	4/19
Lori Obler	21 Argyle Rd Scarsdale NY10584	SC3 8050	
Wendy-Hope Riedel	124 Grayson Pl Teaneck NJ	837 3120	10/20
Toby Rosenberg	224-12 139 Ave Laurelton NY11413	LA5 6497	10/21
Debbie Ruskay	115 Oak St Woodmere NY11598	CE9 5628	1/19
Helene Schwarzenberger	2621 Ave W Bklyn NY11229	NI8 2931	6/8
Lynda Steinberg	184-18 64 Ave FreshmeadowsNY11365	IN3 2220	8/6
Denise Weber	1234 Midland Ave Bronxville NY	SP9 6557	3/10
Suzanne Zuckerman	39 South Dr Great Neck NY	HU7 8129	4/23

Counselors

Ernst and Ilse Bulova	300 Central Pk W NY24 NY	EN2-2702	
Jesse and Doris Adler	E 196 Concord Dr Paramus NJ	CO1-9054	
Gerri Abelson	140-18 Burden Cresc Jamaica NY11435	AX1-4859	3/3
Anahid Alexanian	390 Riverside Drive NY10027	MO2-4409	1/19
Daniel Allan	130 St. Edwards St Bklyn NY	UL2-5688	11/3
Harry Allan	130 St. Edwards St Bklyn NY	UL2-5688	
Walter Banzhaf	1368 Metropolitan Ave Bx NY10462	TA2-0969	3/7
Alice Cohon	4618 7 Ave Bklyn NY	TR1-5175	5/29
Ronnie Danzig	553 Manor Ridge Rd Pelham NY10803	738-3739	2/18
Paul Ducker	5530 S. Dorchester Chicago 11160673 435 E 30 St Rm 823 NYC16	493-9019	
Charles Ewen	326 Broadway Massapequa Pk NY	L11-2507	8/4
Betty Ewen	326 Broadway Massapequa Pk NY	L11-2507	5/23
Harold Ewen	326 Broadway Massapequa Pk NY	L11-2507	7/19
Wayne Felgar	200 Davis St Findlay Ohio45840	422-1332	6/36
Ted Fishman	323 W Lutz Ave W Lafayette Indiana	R13-5318	4/7
Tina Fishman	323 W Lutz Ave W Lafayette Indiana	R13-5318	8/8
Barnett Friedman	5601 Riverdale Ave NYC	K19-9021	6/25
Judie Freeman	99-45 60 Ave Rego Park Qu	AR1-5771	12/4
Danny Fromer	3634 Griggs Rd Houston Texas	R17-2158	9/17
Robert Gerstein	75-59 182 St Flushing 66 NY	GL4-2428	5/3
Kenneth Golden	205 West End Ave NY10023	TR7-3949	3/9
Michael Goldfarb	530 West End Ave NY10024	SU7-3852	5/15
Harriet Goldman	12 Tulip Dr Great Neck NY	HU7-9882	
David Gould	Reed College Portland Oregon 63-02 Grand Central Pkwy Forest Hills119-9189		3/31
Alan Hack	85 Strong St Bronx Ny 10468	K16-3058	3/13
Lois Hawthorne	Frost Mill Road Mill Neck NY	WA2-6821	
Ruth Heit	610 W 174 St NY NY10033	SW5-6558	6/2
Andrew Herz	325 Weaver St Larchmont NY	TE4-3792	11/12
Edith Jason	42 Gilbert La Plainview NY	WE5-8460	
Sanford Jason	42 Gilbert La Plainview NY	WE5-8460	

Sylvestre Jean Baptiste	400 Laurel Ave Providence RI 02906	TE1-7444	7/1
Carol Jochnowitz	130-57 233 St Laurelton Queens	LA8-0498	
Jo Jochnowitz	130-57 233 St Laurelton Queens	LA8-0498	
David Katz	67-42 Ingram St Forest Hills NY 11375	BO8-6346	
Jeanne Katz	67-42 Ingram St Forest Hills NY 11375	BO8-6346	
Peter Kent	29-19 212 St Bayside NY 11360	BA9-7158	10/18
Michael Klare	14 Metropolitan Oval Bronx NY 10462	UN3-4826	10/14
Martin Koenig	514 W 110 St NY 10025	AC2-0550	10/24
William Korff	577 Grand St NY 10002		
Muriel Korff	577 Grand St NY 10002		
Robert Kornreich	69-11 Yellowstone Blvd Forest Hills	BO1-6498	3/28
Katherine Kurtz	440 East 62 St NY	PL2-4486	6/24
Donna Lane	3985 Gouverneur Ave NY 10463	K13-9251	8/3
Barbara Leonard	4 Revonah Ave Stamford Conn	DA5-0033	12/7
Melissa Marein	355 E Shore Rd Great Neck NY	HU7-4498	10/11
Susan Metric	17 Falmouth St B'klyn 35 NY	NI8-1962	6/3
Andy Milman	Reed College, Portland Oregon		
Regina Paster	1012 Ocean Ave B'klyn NY 1026	GE4-5574	3/30
Paul Reasenber	122 Linden Ave Ithaca NY 14850	272-2500	4/19
Robert Reasenber	277 Rugby Rd B'klyn NY 11226	IN9-7839	4/27
Fred Roberts	1657 East 23 St B'klyn 29 NY	CL2-2172	4/30
Phyllis Roberts	1657 East 23 St B'klyn 29 NY	CL2-2172	5/10
Bob Sacks			
Linda Sacks			
Martin Saltzman	67-64 Austin St Forest Hills NY 11375	IL9-6829	4/29
Mei Samuelowitz	5023 Riverdale Rd Riverdale Md	864-4867	9/27
Carl Sandler	75 Mt. Hope Ave Prov RI 02906	751-5550	10/18
Wendy Schoenbach	1807 Ave K Brooklyn NY 11230	DE8-1853	7/17
Kathe Schor	10 Shore Blvd Brooklyn NY	DE2-0135	10/31
Sue Selvern	516 New Hyde Park Road New Hyde Park	PR5-0434	11/27
Louis Simon	11 Fort George Hill NY 10040	LO7-1226	
Sybil Simon	11 Fort George Hill NY 10040	LO7-1226	
Ira Siff	1731 E 26 St Bklyn 29 NY	ES6-4613	2/15
Richard Simon	7707 Chapel Rd Phila Pa 19117	215ME5-0795	4/20
James Slater	915 E 17 St Bklyn 30 NY	ES7-2361	7/12
Jenny Snider	33-68 21 St Long Island City 6 NY	RA1-4215	7/15

Arl Snyder	50 W Gun Hill Rd Bx67 NY	OL5-0985	4/26
Jack Sonenberg	217 E 23 St NY	MU3-6719	12/28
Phoebe Sonenberg	217 E 23 St NY	MU3-6719	
Karen Ruth Steinberg	62-44 Cromwell Cres Rego Park NY	IL9-5571	12/18
	Box 1405 Alfred NY14802		
Jerry Sundheimer	67-76 Booth St Forest Hills NY11375	TW7-8218	
Philip Tavalin	647 E 14 St NY NY10009	OR7-3470	
Anne Tavalin	647 E 14 St NY NY10009	OR7-3470	
Happy Traum	101 W 78 St NY NY10024	TR4-3326	5/9
Jane Traum	101 W 78 St NY NY10024	TR4-3326	
Robert Tuchmann	108-14 67 Rd Forest Hills NY	BO1-4578	7/7
Barbara Unger	32 Mark Lane NY NY	NE4-3408	
Bernie Unger	32 Mark Lane NY NY	NE4-3408	
Arnold Zlotoff	181 B 129 St Rockaway Pk NY	NE4-4371	11/6

Corrigenda

't's not that we in mistakes abound,
But that we are swift i'the correction,
So if your comrades you want found,
Hark ye to the changes in this section.

BOYS

Jonny Blitman	143 Hubinger St, New Haven Conn.	387-7820	5/19
Mark Dresner	104-59 107 St, Ozone Park, NY		
Corky Ehrlich	15 Park Road, Scarsdale, NY		
Ed Godnick	430 East 63 St, NY		
Peter Gordon	23406 Letchworth, Beachwood, Ohio		
Eric Sabinson	67-82 Selfridge St. Forest Hills 75, NY		

Andy Gordon	8/10	John Bressler	EL5-3513
Steve Klapper	6/10	Robert Buchalter	PI2-4381
Donny Marcus	12/29	Peter Herbst	IV9-7582

CIT BOYS

Peter Joseph FR8-1294

GIRLS

Laura Ewen	326 Broadway, Massapequa Park, NY	L11-2507	12/8
Alex Flax	322 West Walnut St, Long Beach, NY	GE2-0216	11/8
Nancy Friedman	33-05 90 St, Jackson Heights, NY		
Ellen Ogintz	588 Haddon Lane, East Meadow, NY		
Pat Saunders	15 Maple Drive West, New Hyde Park, NY		
Jayne Brooks	L14-3524	Joyce Ravid	K13-3330
Jayne Joseph	FR8-1294	Susan Sandler	751-5550
Marsha Queen	ES7-1191	Arlene Selvern	PR5-0434
		Shelley Adolph	10/1
		Susan Sandler	10/18

CIT GIRLS

Denise Weber SP9-6551

COUNSELORS

Russell Forrest	218-57 82 Ave, Queens Village 27, NY	HO5-0140	
Ken Golden	205 West End Ave, NY, NY	TR7-3949	3/9
Bob and Linda Sacks	Department of Music, Buffalo U.		
	Baird Music Hall, Buffalo NY 14214		
Jules Smith	80-76 Tryon Place, Jamaica NY 11432		
Bernie and Barbara			
Unger	32 Mark Lane, New City, NY		
Anne Warwick	817 Pleasant Hill Rd, Chester, Pa.	TR2-5012	1/1
Bill and Muriel Korff	OR3-4951		

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NURSESAnna Surasky
Ruth Muirhead
Judith Gescheit

FOOD SERVICE MANAGER .Eugene Stamm

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Larry Miller	Harry Brick

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"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE..."

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